FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

Fit "TripleX" Reg'd - and be safe

THE SPHERE, OCTOBER 16, 1948
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 2/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXCV No. 2541 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCTOBER 16 1948

McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

By Appointment
Table Salt Manufacturers

Cerebos

The "finest" salt

Grant's Scotch Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

THE ARISTOCRAT OF LIQUEURS

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

Limited supplies are distributed as fairly as possible.

BY APPOINTMENT TOILET SOAP MAKERS TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

Bronnley

FINE ENGLISH SOAPS

By appointment Cyder makers to
H.M. KING GEORGE VI H.M. QUEEN MARY
Wm. Gaymer & Son Ltd., Attleborough & London

Gaymer's CYDER

FAMOUS FOR OVER 300 YEARS

KING SIX CIGARS 1/7 *each*

The quantity available for distribution is still, unfortunately, insufficient to meet demands.

Made by J. R. Freeman & Son, Ltd. Makers of Fine Cigars since 1839

TENNENT'S LAGER TRADE MARK

Brewed and Bottled in Bonnie Scotland

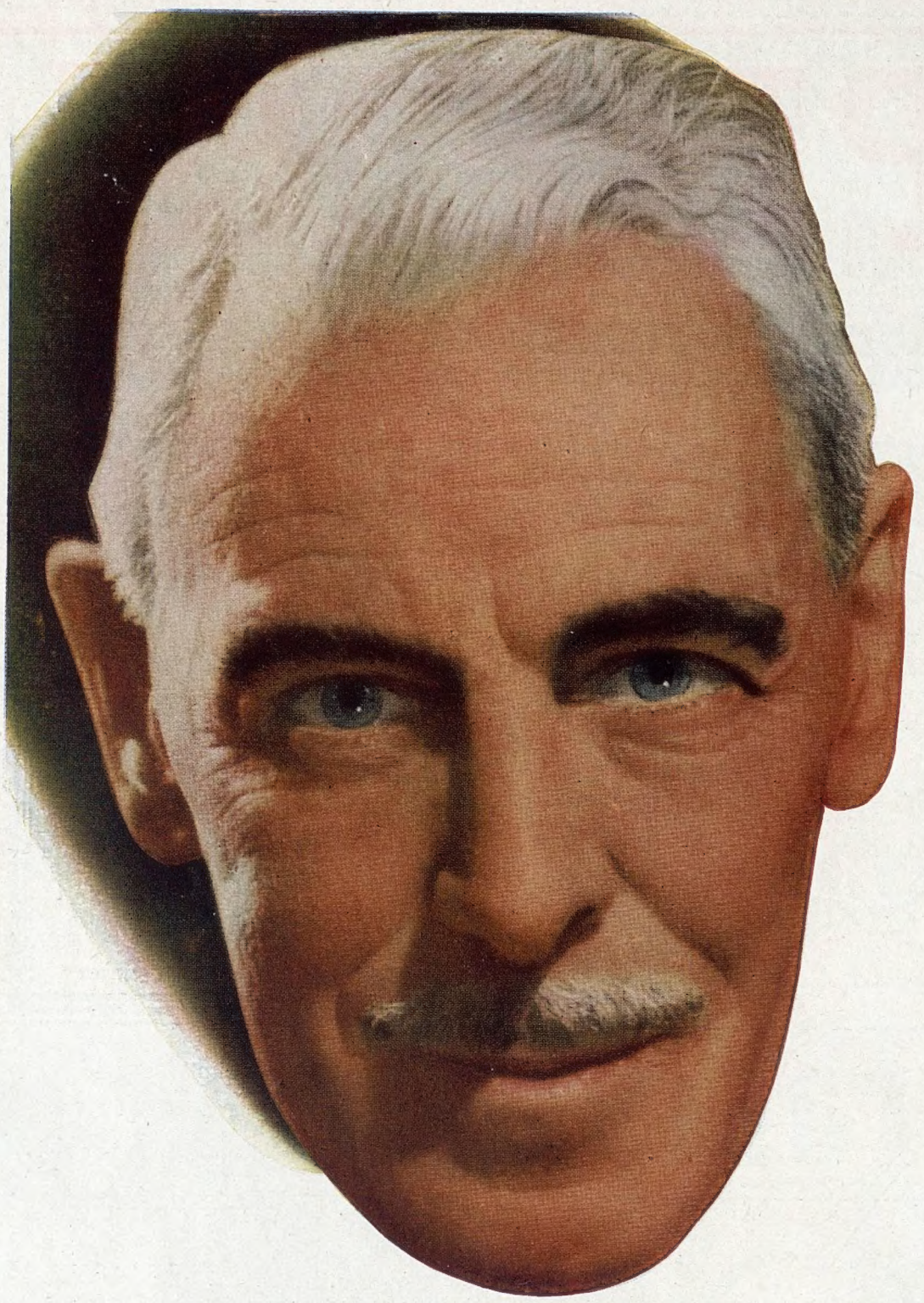
BEER AT ITS BEST

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM Office : Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1



"...the extra quality in Craven 'A' is unmistakable... rich fine tobacco and – the cork tip for clean smoking"

Craven 'A'

are MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

Carreras, 150 Years' Reputation for Quality

Volume CXCV No. 2541 The SPHERE, London, October 16, 1948

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

WARNING TO SOVIET RUSSIA—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY, DELIVERING HIS MOST IMPORTANT POLICY SPEECH SINCE THE CLOSE OF HOSTILITIES: Britain's wartime leader addressing the Conservative Party Conference at Llandudno when he called upon Russia to "release her grip upon Eastern Europe," and upon America not to destroy her stocks of atomic bombs

Delegates to the Conservative Party Conference at Llandudno were fully conscious last Saturday that their leader was about to bring the Conference to a climax with a policy speech directed not towards a single party and its potential followers but towards a world-wide audience. Mr. Churchill's speech was indeed the most important policy pronouncement he has made since the end of the Second World War. "Of one thing I am quite sure," he declared, "that if the United States were to consent, in reliance upon any paper agreement, to destroy the stocks of atomic bombs which they have accumulated, they would be guilty of murdering human freedom and committing suicide themselves." Turning towards Russia, Mr. Churchill declared: "Let them cease to distract Malaya and Indonesia. Let them liberate the Communist-held portion of Korea. Let them cease to foment the hideous, protracted civil war in China. Above all, let them throw open their vast regions on equal terms to the ordinary travel and traffic of mankind. Let them give others the chance to breathe freely, and let them breathe freely themselves. Let the Russians be content to live on their own, and cease to darken the world by endless threats, intrigues and propaganda." (Further pictures from the Conservative Conference will be found on page 67 of this issue. A note by The Old Stager appears on the next page)

Postage—Inland, 2d.: Canada and Newfoundland 1d.: Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Churchill's Atom Bomb-shell.—A prophet crowned in his lifetime, who but a day before had published his marshalled arguments for the soundness of his own judgment over the years of peril (to almost universal approval), Mr. Churchill told the Conservative Conference what ought to be done to meet the threat of world domination by Russian Communism or world war. A man of supreme courage, who never minced his words, a realist who never turned his back on dreadful facts, a prophet who has been more often proved right than any other prophet, his words at Llandudno must surely shake the world to its foundations, and split it from top to bottom. For the lessons of history — the years of peril covered by *The Gathering Storm*— cry from the housetops the dangers of wobble, appeasement of dictators, half-measures, cowardice, truckling to public apathy or nervousness. The reoccupation of the Rhineland, Munich and the rest, all could have been so handled as to avert the threat of world war. So agreed the vast bulk of the critics of Churchill's book an hour before he spoke his frightful judgment. What do those words imply? They imply no less than this: "If I (Churchill) were to-day head of the Government, were it Conservative or Coalition, I would call Russia's bluff; I would grasp the nettle before its sting is deadly; I would restore the land traffic into Berlin by using force if necessary and take *now* those very risks of launching a third world war with which Russia is playing. I would do all these things because at this moment 'our side' has a stock of atom bombs which we can rain down on the cities of chief industrial importance in Russia and on her Far Eastern bottlenecks Each bomb is capable of killing 50,000 people. There is a good chance that Russia, realising this, will yield and war will be averted and the Communist menace. This is the hour. If we let it slip, our western democratic existence is doomed to extermination in a matter of years and nothing can save us from slavery. The frantic cheering of my Conservative audience assures me that the vast bulk of that party stands behind me. Was I wrong in the '30's? Am I wrong now?" You and I were not present at the party at Llandudno. We are absolutely compelled by the duty of citizenship to make up our minds one way or the other on the soundness of Churchill's judgment. Will you, gentle reader, give us a lead? The only help I can offer you is this: Mr. Churchill does not urge you to go to war, or to use the abomination of desolation to secure your safety. He urges you to take the only possible course to avert final ruin and otherwise inevitable war, by taking all steps which firmness and courage and common sense suggest (even at the risk of war) to halt the advance of the latest tyrant and enslaver of mankind. He does not demand that we should *march*, as when the Rhineland was re-occupied. He demands that the nations of the West should stick their heels in and hold, all together. For one year more, or two at most, he believes that the Western Powers have a valuable strategic pull which may just turn the scale. Only yesterday he branded the wobblers and we were all of his opinion. But now he holds the nettle before our shrinking palms and asks us to grasp it. This is *realism* or sheer recklessness and madness It is impious or impish or unanswerable. Which?

Drifting. — I find it impossible to read the reports of the debates and exchanges in the U.N. assemblies. My mind has moved too far from the nursery I am no longer of any assistance during the children's hour I pity Mr Bevin, Mr. Marshall, Sir Alexander Cadogan and the rest of English-speaking delegates who must listen to or read translations of Russian speeches and statements For I sometimes think that these delegates should be chosen from the staffs of homes for mental defectives "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar"—you can deal with that situation, you know what to expect. But "scratch a Russian and you will find a problem-child from a home for mental defectives . . .", you can't deal with such a case, for there is no "common language" of accepted premises by which contact can be made. "There is no blockade"; "no Berlin problem"; these arguments are not "splendide mendax," they are simply negations of sense. I reject the idea of Great World-plots, Master Plots, long prepared to bring the world, or half of it, to ruin by gangs of Moriartys. I see Stalin and Molotov and the rest much as I have regarded for some years a very large proportion of the statesmen of Europe and America, frightened, uncertain, frail and wobbling men, and the first volume of Mr. Churchill's War Memoirs, cataloguing their wobbles and shifts and failures, lends deep colour to my picture of statesmanship in our time. Very, very few of these V.I.P.s have been criminals, nearly all meant well and would have done better, if their own peoples had seen clearer and behaved less selfishly. But there is this difference between Stalin and Co. and the rest. They are not handicapped by the myopia or selfishness of their own people, and they see things with the eyes of under-developed children. Of the 2,000,000,000 people alive, 1,990,000,000 want a good dinner and peace. And we are all drifting to war, the last war for this civilisation. We need to break down Babel and stop this drift. And it is no longer the language difficulty in the Babel of to-day. There are plenty of interpreters of modern language. The difficulty is not of language but of educational standards. There are not enough points of contact between the nursery and the Lyceum of Aristotle. The Soviet Union is a century behind the West in political culture. That, as I see it, is the crux of the nightmare which disturbs our rest.

France's Coal Strike.—The Communists of France could hardly have dreamed of a more favourable moment for a coup than Monday, October 4, the day on which the strike of 350,000 French coal-miners began, and the U.N. began its major test. France needs coal so badly that the "token" export which we are striving so hard to increase to her is regarded as of the utmost importance. Every day this strike lasts will cause the loss of 170,000 tons of French-mined coal. It follows that, while the strike lasts, the value of the British annual effort to help France can be reckoned on the basis of a few hours' work, almost a matter of minutes At the moment our contribution looks like the shadow of a shadow of a gesture; for practical purposes, almost like throwing good money after bad But it may serve to heat the room in which the current French Cabinet discusses its problems, and the room must need warming. I dare say the strike will be settled long before these lines see print, but the loss of coal which it caused will be quite enough to make nonsense of the British contribution

Can the Camera Lie?—I am always stimulated by THE SPHERE'S weekly batch of photographs of V.I.P.s, as, indeed, by the whole range of its superb illustrations. But when I look at the snaps of V.I.P.s on their vitally important occasions of the hour, I ask the question: *Can the camera lie?*—and I am bound to confess that I hope the answer is in the affirmative. Last week, for instance, gave us de Gaulle in three spasms of oratory and the question leapt to the tongue: Is *this* the face to launch 1,000 ships or a great nation's rally? There were half-a-dozen British Ministers arriving at Downing Street. Alexander and Wilson looked so much like anxious, frightened defendants surrendering to their bail that I trembled for our "security," Morrison like an actor of small parts posing for the big role he hoped one day to play, and Dalton wore that ineffable smile which (I am sure wrongly) suggests vacancy and futility. Then there were three young giggling striplings, who represented the might and dignity of France, Britain and U.S.A., presenting the triple protest to Mr. Trygve Lie. They looked more like three fourth-form boys presenting a leaving ode to the retiring form master. The most dignified and convincing of last week's batch of V.I.P.s were the gentlemen of colour. Black, but comely and *vigorous*. The Hon. Oni of Ifé and the delegate from Ibadan (carrying a fat ham to sustain him during the deliberations), and those five Nigerian delegates, hard perhaps to *distinguish* but far more distinguished than the white V.I.P.s. And that goes also for the Hon. Bia Koklo and friends They looked at least virile and determined and unafraid. I think that white-skinned statesmen would be wise to ban the press-photographer. He gives away too much. And that goes also for our immortal Churchill, when they caught him bathing at Monte Carlo. He is much more impressive in a boiler-suit or wearing his medals to disguise the too, too solid flesh

PANDIT NEHRU IN LONDON—THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE INDIAN DOMINION LEAVING INDIA HOUSE IN COMPANY WITH MR. KRISHNA MENON, THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR INDIA: Mr. Nehru, making a rare appearance in European dress, was here to attend the Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers, which held its first meeting last Monday in the Cabinet Room at No. 10, Downing Street. After the opening sessions, in which it was arranged that Mr. Attlee should speak in his capacity as chairman of the Defence Committee, the intention was that delegates should split up into groups and that there should be informal discussions between Prime Ministers. Pandit Nehru spent the first few days as the guest of Lord Mountbatten

Standard Petrol.—Although it has been stated as a fact in a responsible newspaper, I hesitate to accept it that Mr. Gaitskell intends to suspend the token payment of petrol which allows motorists to run their cars 90 miles a month. That concession, it is true, could hardly have been thrown to us more contemptuously and more inequitably, since it revealed the Government's opinion of the worth of voluntary public service But at least it saved an important industry from losing what once was its best market, kept us from a total drift back to Mediævalism and preserved us from natural claustrophobia. If now, after his pledges and his assurances, the Minister tears up those scraps of paper or goes back on his periodic assertions that the estimates of saving have been achieved, I hope that the long-suffering public will regain its manhood and give a tardy proof that *vox populi* is not yet utterly stilled.

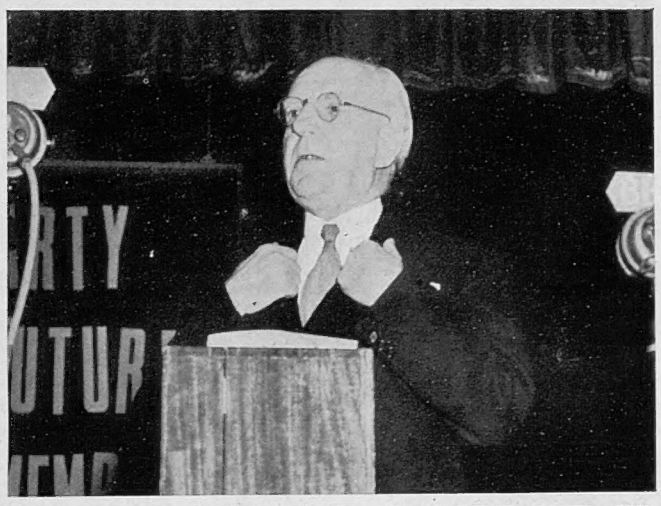
Gardens Scheme and National Trust.—The gardens scheme proved a great one. It did much for English gardens, much for fellowship and friendly intercourse, much to interpret the countryside to the townsman, and every year it contributed a valuable revenue to two vital nursing services. The new Health Service will presumably one day assume responsibility for all the causes for which the garden scheme was created. It has not done so yet. For years to come there will be loose ends in hard cases in every type of nursing service, inadequate pensions for old nurses or cases not comprehended in the new scheme, and the settlement of these injustices will require a great deal more money for many years to come than the peak revenues from the scheme could cover. Nevertheless, since it is agreed that the gardens scheme ought to survive, a new beneficiary of its revenue is being considered, and a majority opinion seems to favour as appropriate the National Trust, which has already shown a desire to take English gardens under its wing The National Trust is indeed in most urgent need of revenue, if it is to assume the responsibilities for which it was created. It needs an annual revenue 100 times greater than that which the gardens scheme can bring. For that reason and for the urgency of the hard cases in the nursing profession, which cannot be cleared up for some years to come, I hope that the gardens scheme will not yet abandon its original beneficiaries in exclusive favour of the Trust, though it may be fit to nominate the Trust as the ultimate heir.

THE OLD STAGER

MR. CHURCHILL DRIVES ALONG THE SEA-FRONT AT LLANDUDNO : The Conservative leader, who had just addressed the delegates at the Conservative Party Conference in a speech that was relayed to the crowds outside, seen at the start of his triumphal drive when he received a tremendous ovation

MR. CHURCHILL ACCLAIMED AT LLANDUDNO

The Climax of the Conservative Party Conference



LORD WOOLTON ADDRESSING THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY CONFERENCE : The former Minister of Food delivering the key-note address at the start of the Llandudno Conference

Last week the Conservative Party opened their largest Conference, and as usual at most annual Party Conferences the delegates chose a seaside resort for their half-week of deliberations and orations. The hit of the show was, needless to say, Britain's wartime leader, Mr. Churchill, and it is probable few had ever heard him before in finer voice than last Saturday when he urged America to maintain her vital bargaining weapon, the atom bomb, and did some very plain speaking directed at the Russian leaders. In an ancient Rolls-Royce taxi, chosen because its hood could be lowered, Mr. Churchill toured the town after his fighting speech, and during the whole period of his stay at the Conference his movements were followed with the greatest interest by delegates and townspeople alike. Sir Herbert Williams closed the Conference last Saturday evening with every item of business done and every motion concluded thirty seconds after 12.15 p.m.—the agreed time. During the Conference 143 speakers had discussed twenty-seven motions

LORD AND LADY TWEEDSMUIR ON THE SEA-FRONT AT LLANDUDNO : Lord Tweedsmuir is the youngest Conservative peer in the House of Lords, and Lady Tweedsmuir, the former Lady Grant of Monymusk, popularly known as "Grace Darling," is the Conservative Member for Aberdeen South

THREE FORMULATORS OF TORY POLICY : Nigel Birch, who won a narrow victory in Flintshire at the last General Election, with Colonel Walter Elliot, Member for the Scottish Universities, and Victor Raikes, the Member for Wavertree. Mr. Birch specialises in social services and financial problems

TWO LEADERS OF CONSERVATIVE OPINION ON THE ROSTRUM AT LLANDUDNO : *Left*—The Rt. Hon. Oliver Stanley, former Secretary of State for War and Secretary of State for the Colonies, replied to the debate on Empire unity. *Right*—Mr. R. A. Butler, the Member for Saffron Walden, who presented to the Conference the new agricultural charter of the Party

MR. EDEN TAKES THE AIR ON LLANDUDNO FRONT : The former Foreign Secretary walking with Commander Allan Noble (left), Conservative Member for Chelsea, and Mr. Henry Hopkins, prospective Conservative candidate for Taunton. Mr. Eden, in an impressive speech to the Conference, declared that three immediate objectives should be pursued in Britain's foreign policy—the three unities of Empire, Western Europe and the United States

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH RETURN FROM SCOTLAND: Their Royal Highnesses seen as they left Euston Station after coming south with the King and Queen and Princess Margaret. After a day in London the King and Queen and Princess Margaret left to spend the week-end at Royal Lodge, Windsor. Princess Elizabeth remained at Buckingham Palace with the Duke of Edinburgh

"DEV'S MISSION OF PEACE" TO ENGLAND: The former Prime Minister of Eire arriving at Liverpool Airport. Mr. de Valera has just opened his campaign against the partition of Ireland. He declares that a myth has been carefully propagated since the Government of Ireland Act of 1920, that there is an area of Ireland that wants to be separated from the rest of the country. He says that only in Antrim and Belfast are there local majorities against Union

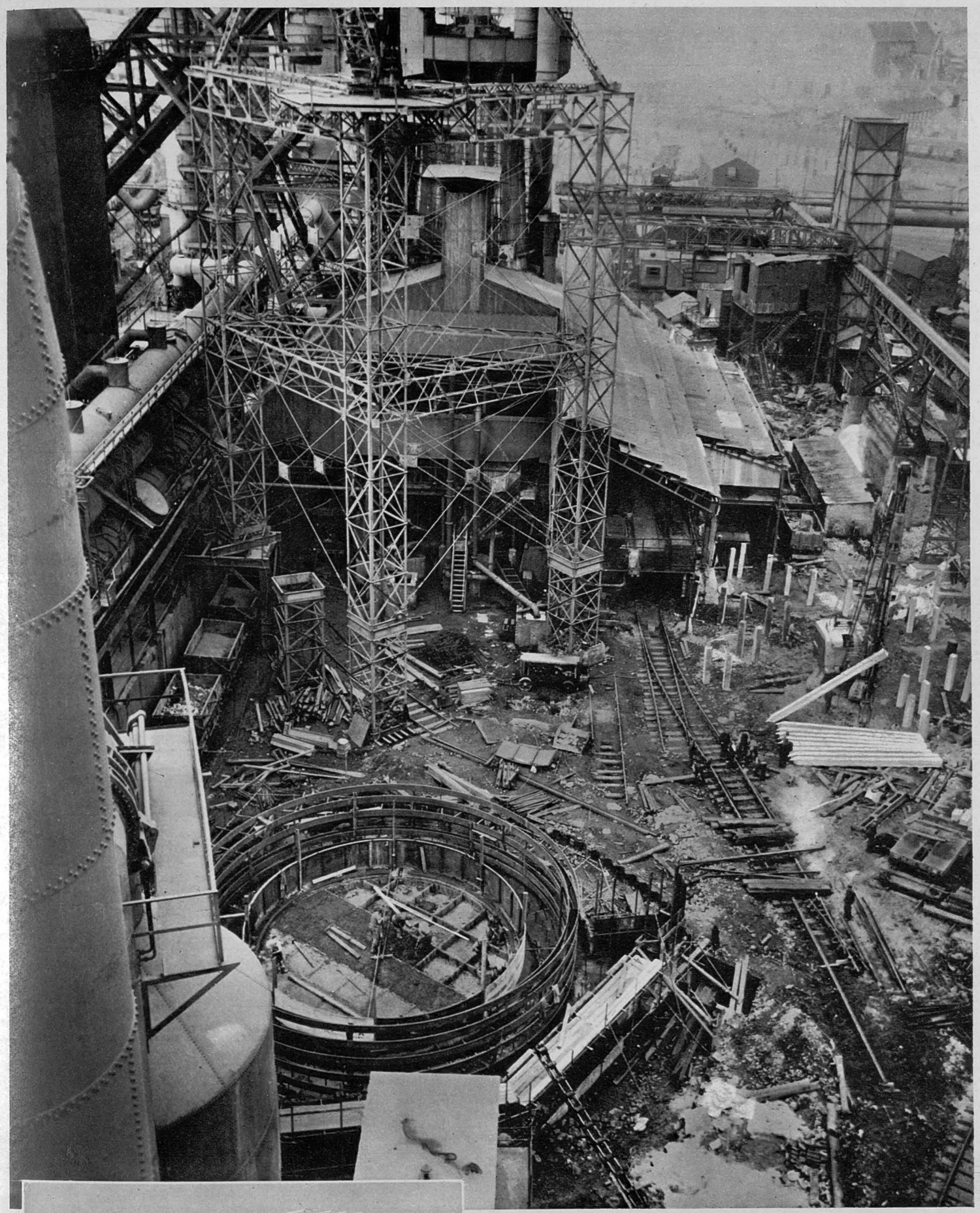
THE EMPIRE'S PREMIERS CONVERGE ON LONDON

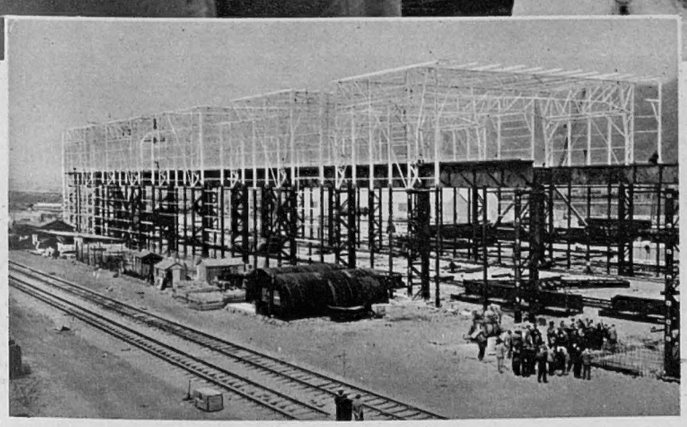
Eire's Opposition Leader at Liverpool: Princess Elizabeth Comes South

FRESH FROM HIS VICTORY IN THE SOUTHERN RHODESIAN ELECTIONS: Sir Godfrey Huggins, Premier of Southern Rhodesia, seen in his London hotel room prior to the Commonwealth Premiers' Conference. Sir Godfrey is a firm believer in active co-operation between the Central African States, and his administration has done much in recent years to secure Rhodesian leadership and also to develop natural resources of the country

MR. MACKENZIE KING ARRIVES IN LONDON FOR THE CONFERENCE OF COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTERS: Mr. King acknowledging greetings on reaching Victoria Station after being in Paris for the United Nations Assembly. On his arrival it was announced that for reasons of health the Canadian Prime Minister would not be able to take part in the Downing Street Conference, and accordingly Mr. St. Laurent, the Deputy Prime Minister and Prime Minister-Designate, had to arrange for a deputy. Mr. King is suffering from the long strain of affairs. On his return to Canada he will formally relinquish the Premiership

FROM SOCIALIST NEW ZEALAND: Mr. Fraser, Prime Minister of the Dominion, being welcomed at London Airport last Saturday. The Downing Street Conference began on Monday





VAST DEVELOPMENTS AT PORT TALBOT: New construction in progress at the furnaces which are associated with the gigantic enterprise of the Steel Company of Wales, now in course of expansion. The old iron furnaces in the background of this picture are to be pulled down and replaced, while at neighbouring Margam, on a 560-acre site, a great new strip mill, the most modern in Europe, is in course of construction. £60,000,000 is being spent on the project

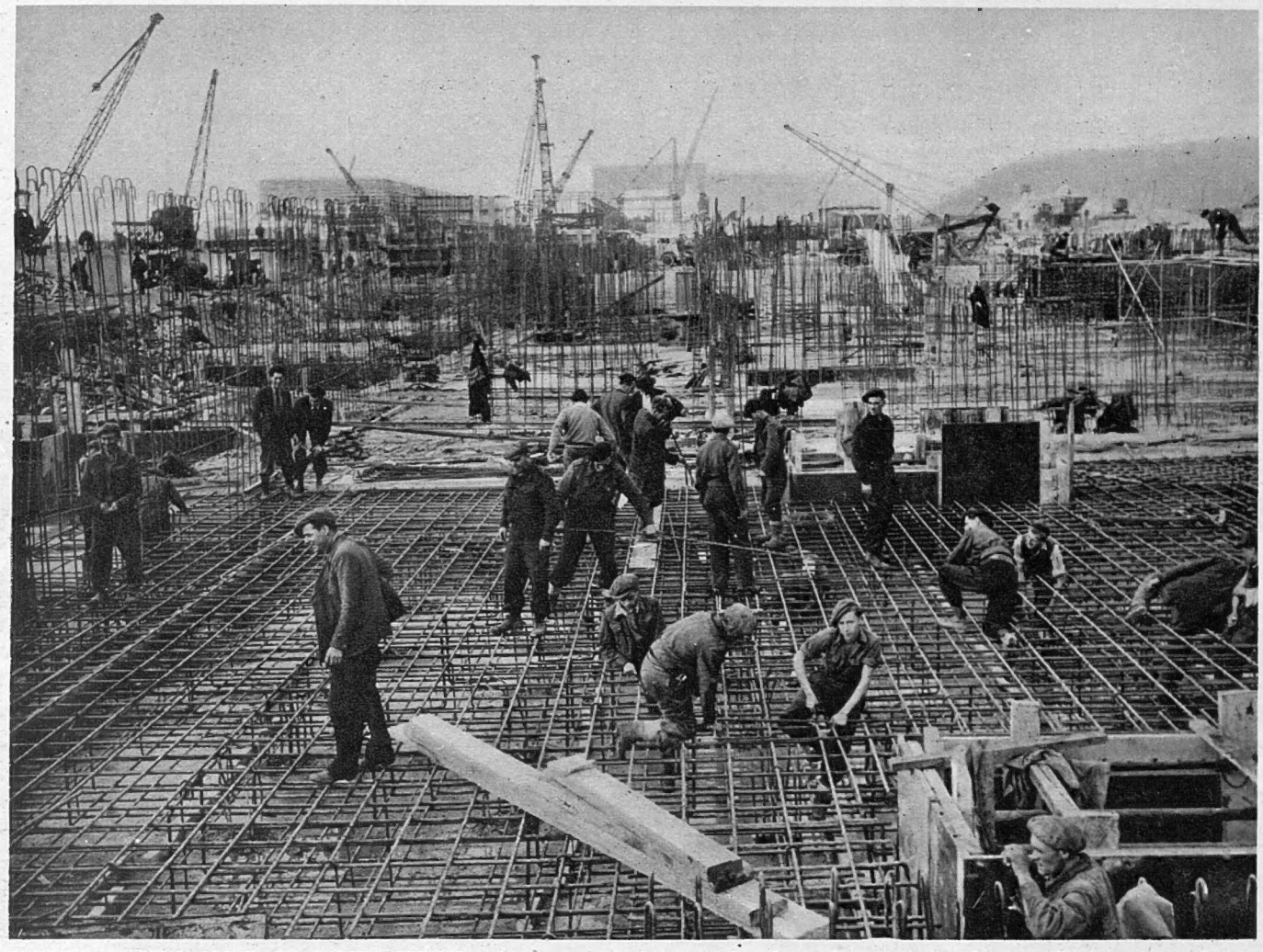
On left — **THE NEW FURNACE SHEDS UNDER CONSTRUCTION ON THE MARGAM ABBEY SITE: The modern strip mill will be complete by 1951**

(See *following pages*)

WALES BUILDS A MIGHTIER STEEL INDUSTRY

A Vast Plan to Expand Production Will Come to Fruition in 1951

b



BUILDING A NEW PLANT ON VIRGIN GROUND : Men engaged in fitting together the steel reinforcing at the new Abbey works at Margam, the heart of the vast scheme to expand the South Wales steel industry and to maintain the Principality's supremacy in British steel production. It is the object of the Steel Company of Wales to achieve a greatly-extended output of pig-iron and steel ingots which, together with further steel-making capacity, will feed a new, continuous hot-strip mill of the latest type. Present building plans at Margam municipality cover an area of 550 acres of sandhills. Some 25,000 piles have had to be driven into the soil so that heavy machinery will not sink when installed

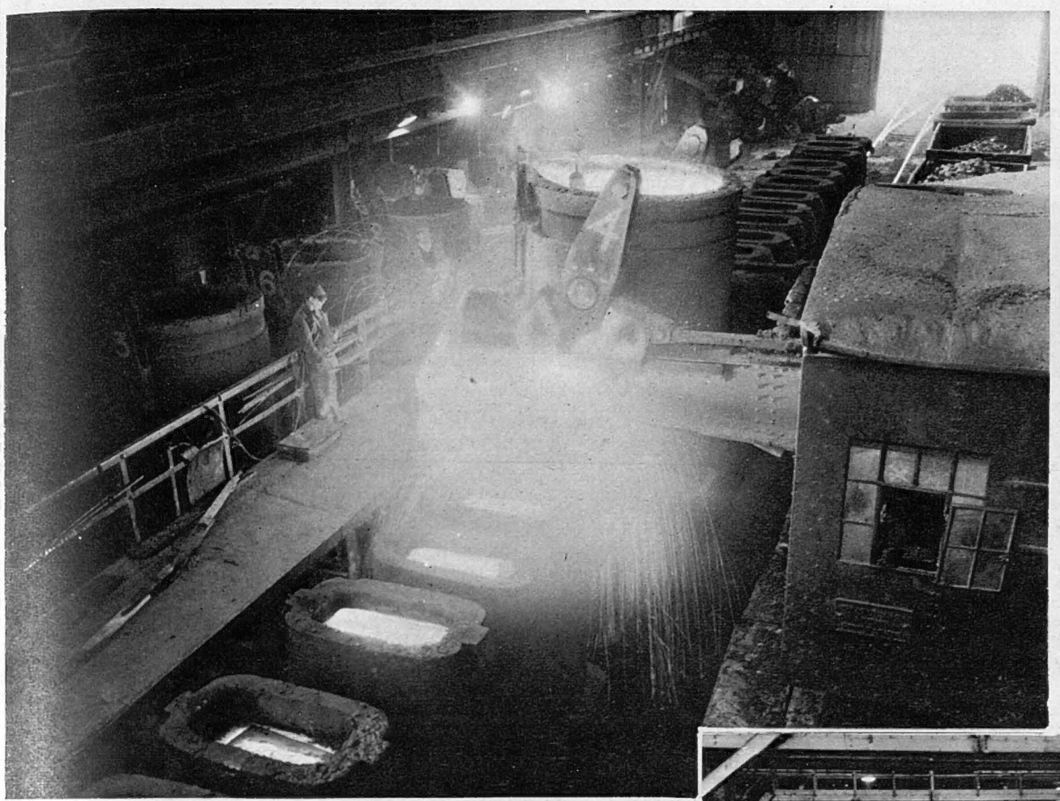
THE RISING TIDE OF WELSH STEEL PRODUCTION

The Steel Company of Wales and its Margam Project

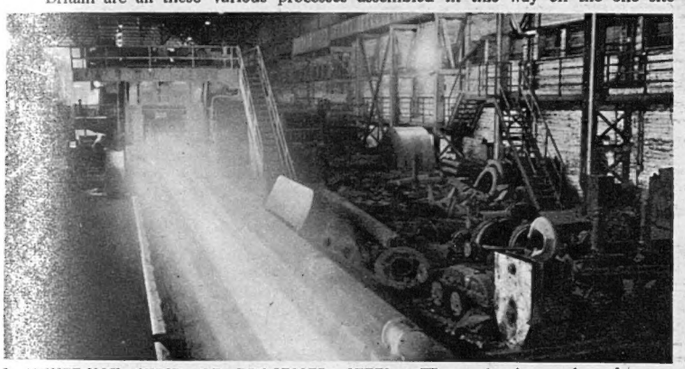
The spectacular success of Britain's steel producers in achieving and surpassing target figures reached its latest peak last June when they recorded that steel production for the second quarter of the year was running at the annual rate of 15,323,000 tons, as compared with the revised target of 14,500,000 tons.

The steel industry is now planning far ahead, however, and the Steel Company of Wales is in the van of this enterprise. The Steel Company of Wales unites the interests of four of the most important companies in a project that will not be surpassed even by the vast American plants in Ohio and Pennsylvania, centred at such places as Youngstown and Pittsburgh. The four participants in the new venture are Guest, Keen and Baldwins, of Cardiff; Richard Thomas, of Ebbw Vale; the Llanelly Associated Tinplate Companies, and the firm of John Lysaght, who have each contributed something to the pool. First and foremost, they have agreed on the development of the Port Talbot and Margam works, building a new continuous hot-strip mill of the latest type and a modern cold reduction mill at Trostre, near Llanelly.

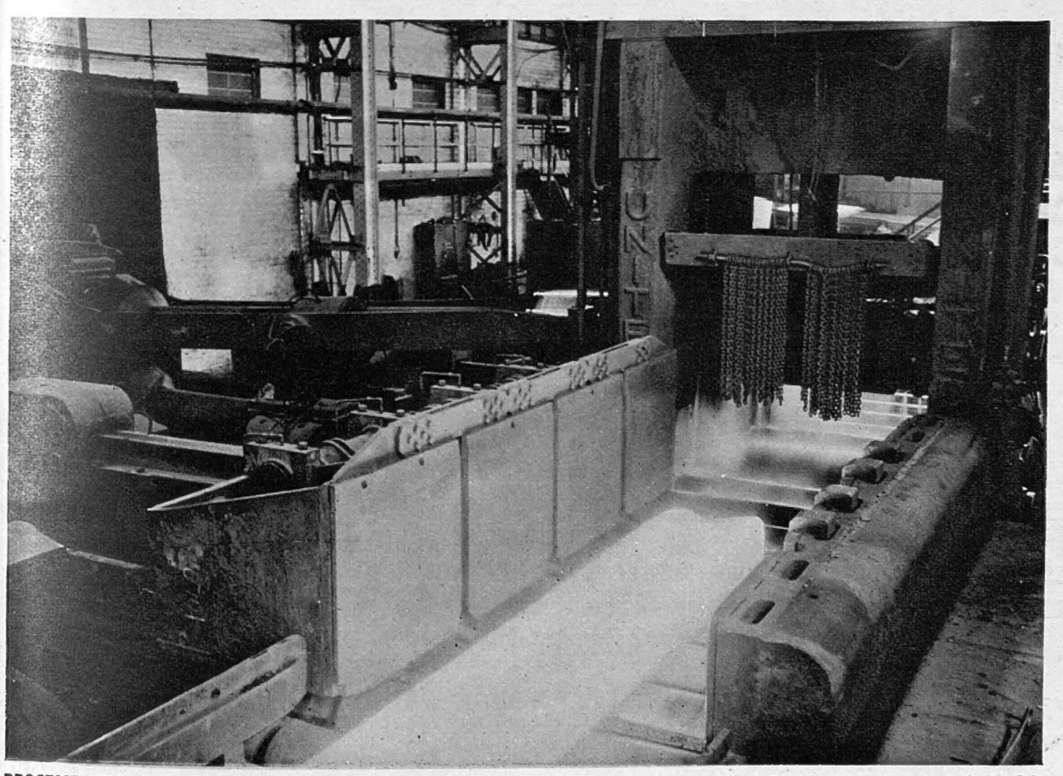
AT THE GREAT PLANT OF RICHARD THOMAS AT EBBW VALE : A shower of sparks leaping across the blast-furnace shed as a blast of air passes through the furnace, blowing the excess carbon from the molten pig-iron. Richard Thomas, of Ebbw Vale, are one of the four participants in the scheme of development now centring largely on Port Talbot and Margam. There have been ironworks at Ebbw Vale since 1796, and it was at Ebbw Vale that the first Bessemer plant in this country was erected. The old Ebbw Vale Company had a tremendous reputation, particularly in the production of rails and high-grade sheets. The site of the existing plant was acquired by Richard Thomas in November 1935, and the company proceeded with the demolition of nearly all the buildings and plant then standing, and with the erection of the present modern integrated plant. At the time of the acquisition of the site most of the old plant had been idle for several years, and this part of Wales was scheduled as a depressed area



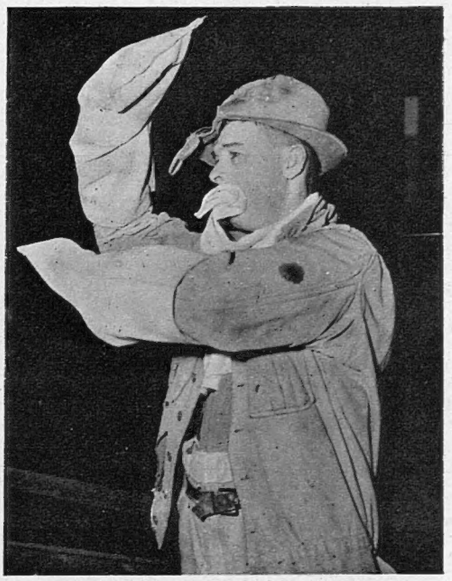
MOLTEN PIG-IRON, TAPPED FROM THE BLAST-FURNACES OF RICHARD THOMAS, IS TAKEN BY CRANE TO FILL THE WAITING MOULDS : A spectacular phase of production at the Ebbw Vale works which covers all processes in steel production from the coking of the coal for the blast-furnaces down to the delivery of the finished sheet and tinplate. Nowhere else in Great Britain are all these various processes assembled in this way on the one site



A WHITE-HOT STRIP OF PROCESSED STEEL : The strip is passing down a conveyer belt after being flattened on the roller. It will next be cut into strips

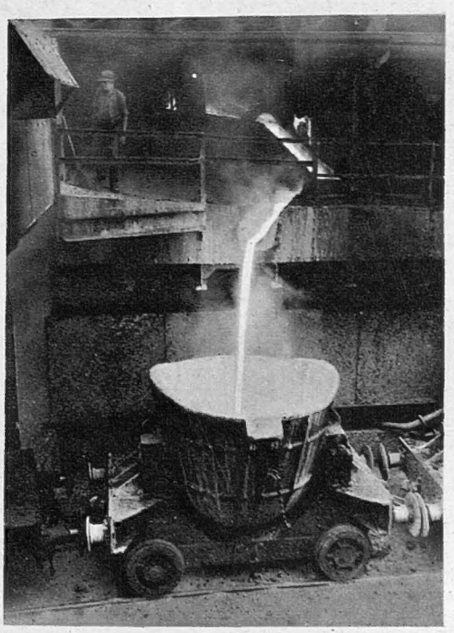


PROCESSED STEEL GOES ON TO THE GIANT ROLLER FOR FLATTENING : The chains at the back are to scrape off the flaky encrustation upon the white-hot metal. At the Ebbw Vale works the steel slabs, generally 4 to 5 ins. in thickness, are reduced to a coil varying in thickness from a quarter of an inch down to ·049 of an inch. The average thickness of the coil leaving the mill is rather under 1-10th of an inch. The strip leaves the last finishing stand at a speed of 20 m.p.h.



AN EBBW VALE WORKER : Ray Williams has fifteen years' experience in the Welsh iron and steel industry. His protective clothing shields him from the great heat of the blast-furnaces. The glasses which protect his eyes are attached to the brim of his hat. Ray, like all steelworkers, has a prodigious thirst

PROCESSED IN THE BLAST-FURNACE, COOLED AND CUT : The steel is now on its way for further rolling into various shapes and sizes, going forward through the works on an endless steel conveyer



AT THE CARDIFF WORKS OF GUEST, KEEN AND BALDWINS : Slag metal is drawn off from the molten pig-iron. The slag is poured into a waiting truck and is used in the manufacture of by-products. This constitutes one of the vitally important cleansing processes in the production of steel

BERLIN and the PROSPECT of a HARD WINTER

The Real Pinch Likely To Come in the New Year

By FERDINAND TUOHY

AT the outset of the most incredible winter ever a capital city can have faced, Berlin provokes one insistent thought: What will have happened by the spring?

What indeed! War? Air-lift victory? A new arrangement—maybe under a United Nations Commission?

Three cardinal factors at present govern the situation.

The Western Allies are determined to see the winter through if the Anglo-American air-lift has to be raised to a thousand planes a day or even more.

The Russians, having had the wind taken right out of their sails by the success of the air-bridge, have never been so serious about anything as they are in proposing to bring the air-lift under Soviet control.

Berliners are overwhelmingly with the West, and it will have to go extremely hard with them before they lose their fortitude.

It seems to be generally agreed that the weather will have most to say.

Given a mild, easy winter, and the air-lift will continue to be as successful as it has been throughout the summer and autumn, when Berlin's food stocks have not only been ensured but increased by several days to a total of nearly a month's reserves. At the best, however, unemployment must spread owing to lack of fuel and imported raw materials for Berlin's industry.

There is this further snag about a mild winter: it may excite the Russians to more provocative acts, inasmuch as they would be the losers by it.

Should a real Berlin winter be in the offing—one of those fierce, protracted affairs of icy winds—it may be beyond the air-lift to bring in sufficient fuel to keep Berliners from dying of cold. It goes without saying that there would be less fuel and raw materials than ever, for industry, and that unemployment would be widespread in a hard winter such as the Russians must be hoping for.

If perished with the cold, more than 2 per cent. of West Berliners might be tempted to call upon the Russian sector of the city for fuel and food. Such is certainly one calculation, and along with it the prospect of West Berliners being drawn into organised mob action in the streets.

As just one instance of the difficulties ahead, it is estimated that the young airmen of the West, who are the heroes of the hour to Berliners, will have to increase coal deliveries by 1,500 tons a day simply to serve central heating in the Western sectors.

The accent is heavily on heating. Berliners will get enough food, though it will be dull and dehydrated. But unless they help themselves by wood-cutting schemes, and make every use of halls specially warmed for them during the day and night, a hard winter may be too much for them. A winter during which lights will be dimmed, and the ruins more ghostly than ever.

The grim and cruel problem of West Berlin affects well over 2,000,000 people. Next to them, the Allied "colonies" are tiny indeed. The amount of air-lift that is necessary to see to the wants of Berlin's Britons, is small indeed compared to the hundreds of planes a day which are needed to take bare necessities to Berliners. Yet there is a close connection at the present unique moment between these "colonies" and Berliners.

The intention in the British sector, at all events, is that hardships shall be shared with the Berliners. This rare chance of forging a real friendship in adversity is not to be thrown away by any light-headed "carrying on as before"—when the two standards of life, of British military and civilians, and of Berliners, were poles apart. Now the outlook is only less bleak for one than the other.

There are, I believe, something like 6,000 Britons, all told, in Berlin. A recent figure gave 2,461 Control Commission staff, with 466 wives and 470 other dependants. Including the garrison, there are 1,300 wives and children. This is not a large community in a capital of over 3,000,000 people, but it has been accustomed to good and spacious living.

In regard to food, the British community and garrison will still be well ahead of the Berliners, although the meat ration has been reduced, and tinned food only is supplied to British families on two days a week. Officials are confident, moreover, that they can maintain the present small supply of cigarettes, chocolate and liquor, which represents only about four aircraft loads a month for the whole garrison. But when it comes to lighting and heat, it is another story.

Electric light has been cut to four hours a day, which is mighty little in a long Berlin winter, and next to no candles to make shift. A greater change has to do with housing. Hitherto the British have had a one-family-one-house, idea; and flats and lodgings for the unmarried. Now the tendency is to move all the British into a few hotels and blocks where heating can be conserved.

Coal reserves for the Control Commission personnel and their families total less than 5,000 tons, sufficient for only a few weeks at the present rate of consumption. There had been no allotment to clubs or messes up to the beginning of this month, and the former may close altogether should things turn out worse than expected.

In summer Berlin is one thing. There are all kinds of open-air sport. In winter it is quite another matter—mainly skating—and the lack of clubs, dancing and entertainment during the long winter evenings can be felt much more than at home. One of the family who recently returned after many months, said she had lately done quite a lot of reading "until the candle went out."

One of her pleasures was to go to the German theatres, but they may also be closed for lack of lighting and heat; and the same with concert halls and cinemas. The only thing to do will be to draw into compound life and make the best of it. "It won't be as bad as 'The Relief of the Legations' in 1900," I ventured, "because the Boxers outside were much more hostile than the Berliners are likely to be."

If I recall correctly, there were 1,100 under Sir Claude MacDonald's wing. There are 6,000 under Sir Brian Robertson's and it has provoked the question: should some of the British community leave Berlin?

There is no question of going into a "flap"—any night of the last hundred, the Russians might have walked into the British sector. Furthermore, the presence of wives and families sends up masculine morale and makes a good impression on the Germans. None the less, the likelihood is that mothers with the youngest children will be moved away to rest centres in the British Zone or encouraged to spend the winter in the United Kingdom.

A far bigger question bears on whether there should be a wholesale removal of Germans as a precautionary measure against great distress. There is obviously something to be said for reducing the demands of the Anglo-American sectors on the air-lift as an alternative to attempting to increase the lift to the huge dimensions which are really necessary. The famous *"bouches inutiles"* come readily to mind.

The suggestion was first made that a round 500,000 should be evacuated—more than one-fifth of West Berlin. That was quickly scotched by mere inability to lodge any such number in the already densely crowded British Zone. So, next, the enquiry bore on unproductive and unemployed persons who can leave Berlin and are ready to do so for the winter. Place would be found for them in the air-lift planes, which usually head westwards with plenty of spare toom.

The latest notion, it appears, is to have another "Operation Stork," that is to say, to repeat the withdrawal of children from Berlin, that was done in 1945 and 1946 for recuperation in the countryside. On that occasion a German observed the long column of motor-coaches on the autobahn and delivered himself thus: "Yes, it is kind, your looking after our children. But we also have parents! *Nobody* gives them chocolates or holidays in the country!"

And nobody who has seen Germany will deny that old people have suffered the most. Is it not time for an "Operation Grey Hairs"? True, the ageing have neither propagation nor propaganda value, and they are crochety and more difficult to handle even than fractious or rebellious children. Yet have not some of them—as in Berlin—have not some of them earned "a break"! Not that very many of the old people would want to leave, but that is the more reason why those who are ready to go should be as high on the list as "Stork" candidates.

Perhaps the Viennese touched the right note in respect of their aged folk when they gave a Christmas party last year for 600 couples in the city, who had been married fifty years.

The real pinch in Berlin is likely to come in the New Year—January and February, always assuming that nothing irreparable happens in the meantime—such as "buzzing" by Yaks in the air corridors leading to a succession of casualties, or insensate A.A. practice outrageously aimed into the same corridors with similar tragic results. That could only lead to the Anglo-Americans thrusting a way through.

The wise way is to proceed as if Berlin and the air-lift will weather the New Year, and a preview of the capital at this stage suggests that the bleakness of life ahead both for Western Allies and West Berliners could be alleviated by a measure of evacuation, which would sensibly ease the two local mainstays of seeing the winter through; making a little go as far as possible, and relief work.

What a strange thing to read again of *Winterhilfe*, but this time run by Berliners for themselves under Western care, and not for the benefit of Goebbels's Nazi Gau.

However hackneyed, the line "If winter comes" insists. Berlin's springtime looks to be so far behind.

A COMMUNIST RALLY IN THE BRITISH SECTOR OF BERLIN

THERE WERE VIOLENT ARGUMENTS IN THE TIERGARTEN AS THE S.E.D. STAGED A PROVOCATIVE RALLY OF THEIR SUPPORTERS IN THE BRITISH SECTOR OF BERLIN: These four pictures were taken during arguments between Communist and anti-Communist supporters as Herr Friedrich Ebert, son of the first President of the Weimar Republic, and himself Minister President of Land Brandenburg, in the Soviet Zone, addressed the gathering. Hundreds of West Berlin police, who knew about the meeting, as permission had been obtained from the British Military Government, were on hand to keep order, but there were no disturbances of an especially violent character. It was only towards the close that a number of political opponents attempted to out-shout the speakers

THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP AND THEN THE COLD SHOULDER: *Left*—Mr. Andrei Vishinsky, the Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, and Sir Alexander Cadogan, the principal British delegate, shaking hands at a meeting of the Security Council of the United Nations. *Right*—The two leaders seated back-to-back only a few minutes after their friendly greeting. Mr. Vishinsky's opposition to the placing of the Berlin dispute on the Security Council's Agenda drew from Sir Alexander the comment that the Russians must have made up their minds in advance

ANDREI VISHINSKY WHILES AWAY THE TIME BY READING THE PAPER: How the Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister behaved while Dr. Jessup, the American delegate, was indulging in denunciation of the Soviet before the Security Council

APOSTLE OF COURTEOUS OBSTRUCTIONISM: Vishinsky, whose verbal fireworks before the Security Council were followed by abstention from debate

VISHINSKY FIREWORKS —THEN SILENCE

Drama at the Security Council

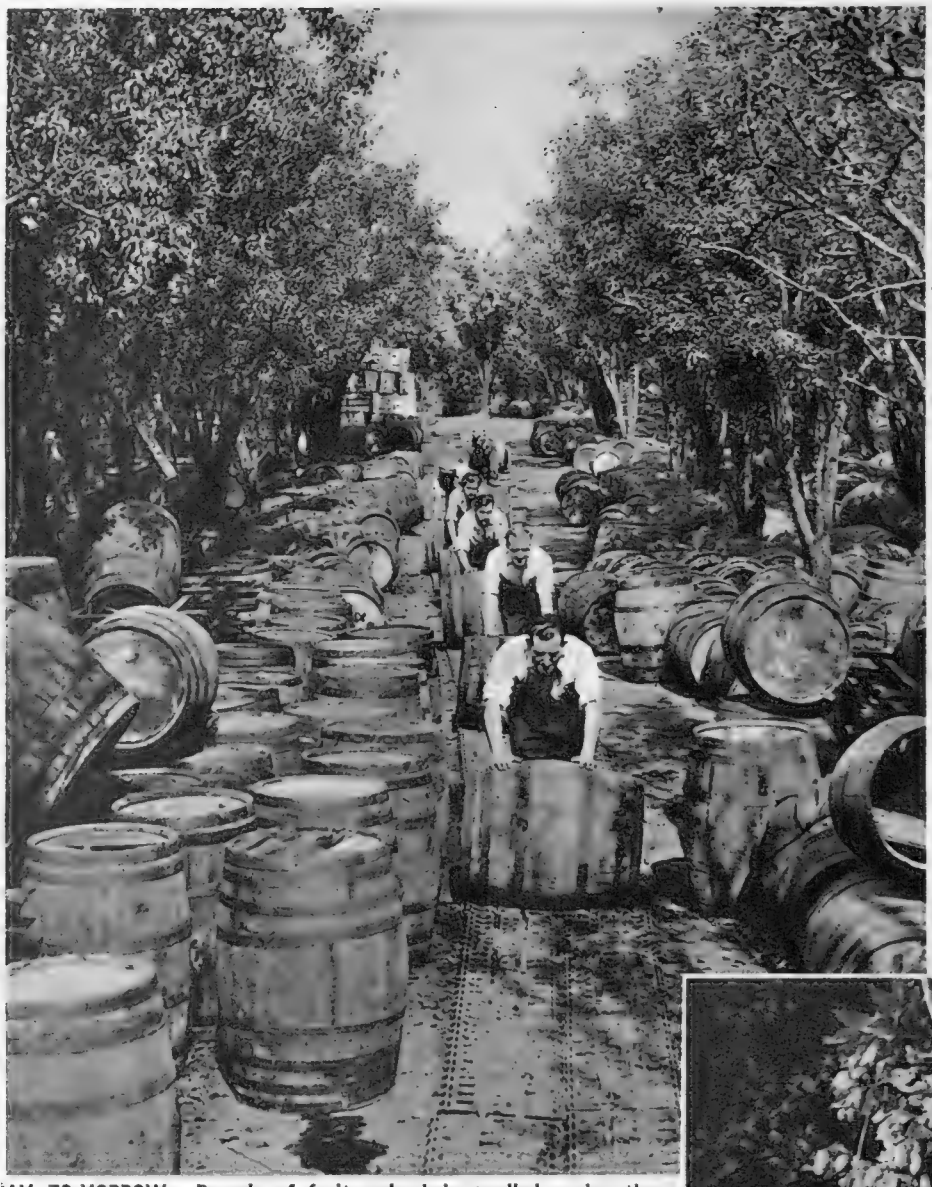
Andrei Vishinsky has had his share of international limelight of recent weeks, very much as he did in the days of the Moscow trials, when he was such a ruthlessly efficient public prosecutor. This time his role has been essentially evasive, as if playing for time, and he has chosen to use courteous obstructionism mingled with truculent aggression and stubborn silences to make his points. Vishinsky's action before the United Nations in seeking to keep Berlin off the Security Council Agenda, and then, when out-voted, in refusing to join the debate, in the opinion of most delegates removed the last faint hope of agreement between East and West, across the United Nations Conference table. The only hope left seemed in direct negotiation.

THE UKRAINIAN AND RUSSIAN DELEGATES FIND THEMSELVES HOPELESSLY IN THE MINORITY: Mr. Manuilsky and Mr. Vishinsky voting against the inclusion of the Berlin crisis in the Agenda of the Security Council. They failed to gain any support, and the President then proposed an adjournment. Mr. Vishinsky walked out of the Palais de Chaillot to be greeted by a vast throng of reporters

THE DEPARTURE OF MR. MANUILSKY AND MR. VISHINSKY: The representatives of the Ukraine and the U.S.S.R. at the close of the vital Security Council meeting, in which they were out-voted on the question of including Berlin affairs in the Agenda. Many thought that Mr. Vishinsky and his colleague had walked out, not to return, but the next day they were in their places again as silent witnesses of the rapidly unfolding drama

SPEEDING THE HARVESTS

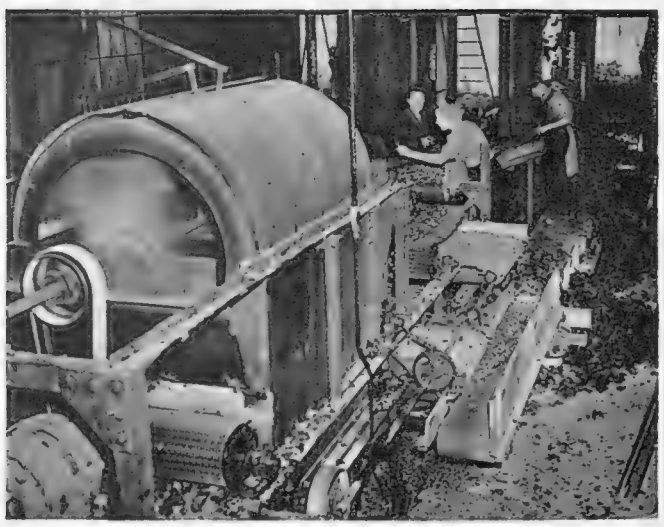
Mechanical Equipment in England's Farming Industry



JAM TO-MORROW : Barrels of fruit pulp being rolled under the trees for storage on a fruit farm at Crocken Hill, Swanley, Kent, where large quantities of fruit have been gathered this autumn and will be made into jam during the winter

FRESH FRUIT FOR PULPING : Boxes of newly-picked fruit entering the machinery shed on an endless band on J. Lee's farm at Crocken Hill, Swanley, Kent. There pulping goes on all the year round, both hard and soft fruit being processed. There is no waste, even the stones being extracted for cattle-feeding. During the autumn peak period employees on this farm work seven days a week picking and pulping. The machinery can fill 120 barrels daily, and preservatives are added to ensure the fruit keeps until it is ready to be made into jam

HOP-PICKING WITHOUT TEARS : In tractor-drawn trailers, vines are brought in from the hopfields to the mechanical picking plant in operation at a farm near Hunton, Maidstone



STRIPPING HOPS AT THE HUNTON PLANT : A revolving band carries the vines between whirling projections called "blind fingers." In this way the hops are stripped at speed

READY TO PASS THROUGH THE MILL : Hop-vines, which have been brought by trailer to the factory, are fed on to the endless belt which carries them into the machine. Experts who have seen this plant in operation predict that it will come before long into general use in hopfields, and will serve to extend the harvest for a rather longer period. It will also eliminate the necessity for all manual hop-picking, and the day is visualised when the Londoner will not be able to take his annual holiday (with pay) in the garden of England in the manner to which he and his family have been accustomed during decades past

SUGAR-BEET HARVESTERS ON A SUSSEX FARM: A view of the tractor-drawn equipment set up for action. The harvesters were demonstrated on John Langmead's farm near Bognor Regis, to encourage local farmers to put down sugar-beet and to evidence the ease with which it might be harvested

Mechanical harvesting of root crops is now a highly profitable undertaking, and the latest potato and beet harvesters, which dig, clean and load, work without a hitch. Questions of time and labour on the land come very much to the fore at the moment. A major problem exists in the fact, however, that there are comparatively few farms large enough to permit employment of mechanical harvesters on a large scale. Some agriculturalists put forward the necessity for the redivision of holdings into 500-acre farms, thus allowing mechanical equipment to be used with a high degree of efficiency. Others stress that not every saving of time is a true saving, as witness high-speed haymaking, which sometimes leads to a marked falling-off in winter milk yields. The progress of mechanisation since the First World War has been so great that there is in England to-day one tractor for every 125 acres of grass and crops, and it is now impossible to separate human and mechanical labour in agricultural costing and indeed in the consideration of any general farm problem

TWO SUGAR-BEET HARVESTERS IN ACTION: The Minns (on left) and the Catchpole in operation on John Langmead's farm near Bognor Regis. It is suggested that farmers should own equipment of this type on a communal basis, thereby reducing initial outlay. Nearly a quarter of the capital of all tenant-farmers in this country is now invested in machinery

A GRAIN-DRYING PLANT IN BERKSHIRE: It is run on co-operative lines by ten farmers at White Waltham. The grain issues from the storage containers by a chute and thence goes to the heating trays. It is propelled along the trays to the cleansing machine, and finally runs into sacks for transport to storage

A WORLD SURVEY

A Record of the Foreign News in Pictures

On left—The thanksgiving day in India was observed to express gratitude for the calm during the Hyderabad crisis and for the success of India's action in occupying the State and bringing it within the orbit of Indian Dominion affairs. Mr. Rajagopalachari, the Governor-General of India, addressed two big gatherings on Thanksgiving Day and was outspoken in his references to the Security Council, which he said had appeared to be deeply agitated over "the fate of a prince"

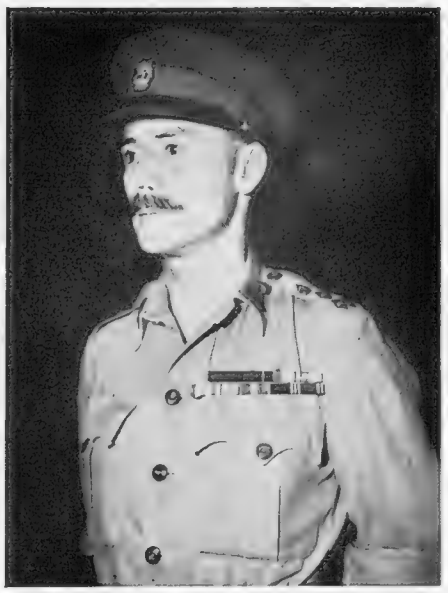
"PEACE WITH FLOWERS": The Governor-General of India, His Excellency Mr. Rajagopalachari (carrying stick), being greeted with showers of flowers by Delhi Muslims when he arrived at the Jama Masjid to address a gathering on thanksgiving day for the victory in Hyderabad. Prayers were offered in all the churches, temples and mosques throughout the Indian Dominion

JUDGES OF THE ISRAEL SUPREME COURT: The five members of the court to whom the Minister of Justice administered the oath in the Law Courts building of the Russian Compound in Jerusalem. Reading from left to right are—Dr. Isaac Ohlson, Professor Simcha Assaf, Dr. Moshe Smoira (Chief Justice), Menachem Dunkelbloom and Solomon Chessin. This is the first time in 2,000 years that an Israel Supreme Court has functioned. The ceremony took place beneath a small Israeli flag tacked over an oak panel, where before May 14 and the end of the Mandate the British Arms were displayed

COUNT BERNADOTTE'S SUCCESSOR BEGINS HIS TASK IN PALESTINE: Dr. Ralph Bunche, the coloured American, who has been appointed Acting United Nations Mediator, in conversation with an assistant investigator of the Military Police who is in charge of the attempt to track down Count Bernadotte's killers. On the right is General Riley, Chief of the United Nations Observers in Palestine. In a message delivered at Haifa last week, Dr. Bunche called on Israel, Transjordan and the Arab Legion "to halt aggressive acts, to restore the *status quo* as it existed before the second truce, and to order an immediate cease-fire on all fronts." The seriousness of the situation could not be over-emphasised, Dr. Bunche's message added. News of the new appeal came as fighting flared up in several sectors

THE CURRENCY TRIALS IN BUDAPEST—A BISHOP OF THE LUTHERAN CHURCH IS SENTENCED TO GAOL: Albert Redvenzky (*left*), who was removed to hospital after a severe heart attack in the course of his trial, and Bishop Lajos Ordas (*right*) were both charged in a Budapest court with deliberately violating the foreign exchange regulations. According to the bill of indictment, Bishop Ordas collected funds for his church in the United States last year. The American Lutheran Church voted a subsidy of 250,000 dollars a year for six years, and it was alleged that the Bishop did not reveal to the Hungarian National Bank the payment of the first annual instalment. Ordas received a sentence of two years' imprisonment and Alex Varga, the general secretary of the church, received three years' imprisonment

SHOWING THE FLAG IN SINGAPORE : The rising strength of Britain's forces in Malaya was demonstrated on September 28, when the 4th Queen's Own Hussars paraded through Singapore, led by their own band



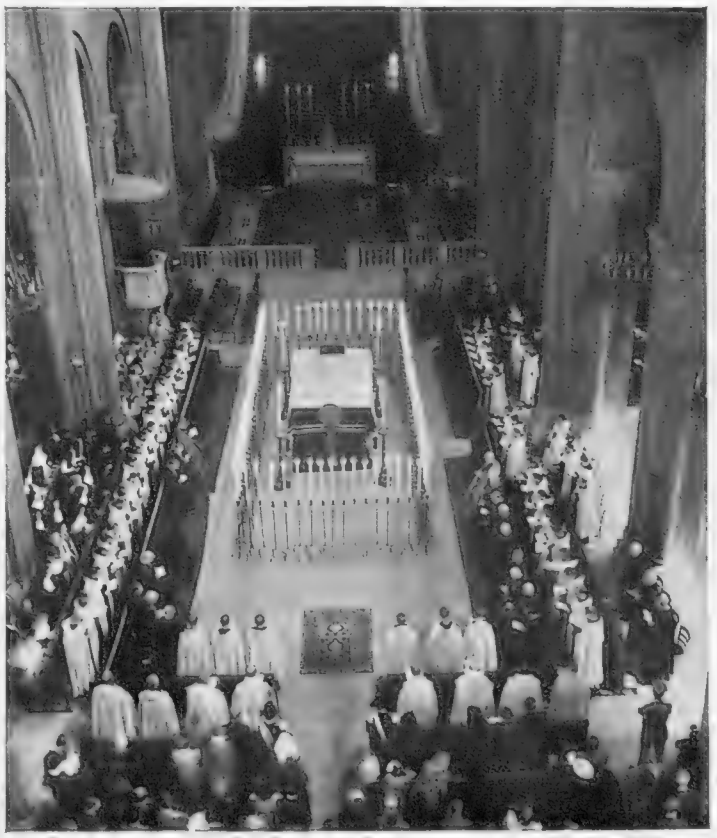
THEY CALL HIM "LUCKY ERSKINE" : Brigadier M. D. Erskine, D.S.O., Scots Guards, Commanding Officer of the 2nd Guards Brigade, seen on arrival at Singapore at the end of September, where he supervised the arrangements for the arrival of his men. During the war Brigadier Erskine was one of the youngest major-generals to hold this temporary rank, and he was fortunate enough to go through all his campaigns without suffering injury. Brigadier Erskine, now aged forty-five, is a bachelor and a keen hunting man. Twenty years ago he served in Hong Kong and Shanghai

FROM SUNNY SOUTH TO FROZEN NORTH : The Rev Colin Montgomery, younger brother of Field-Marshal Montgomery, and his wife are to exchange the sunshine of South Africa for the snows of the Arctic. Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, seen in this picture before they left Cape Town, will fly from a Canadian airport to Aklavik, outpost in the North-West Territories, where Mr. Montgomery will take up his appointment as Canon of the Arctic

ITALY'S ONLY AUTOGIRO CRASHES AT MILAN AIRPORT : The machine was taking part in Italy's Aviation Day. The pilot was slightly injured when the autogiro came to grief, and it was fortunate that the descent was on grass. The broken rotor blades are seen digging into the ground on the right

On left—**HONG KONG'S WORST BLAZE IN FOURTEEN YEARS : 137 persons were burnt to death when this store was destroyed last month. Those who died were trapped in the upper floors of the building. The fire raged for four days, and when this picture was taken it had been in progress for twenty-four hours**

On right—**THE LAST RITES FOR CARDINAL ROSSI :** The scene before the high altar in the Church of Santa Teresa del Bambini Gesu in Rome, where ten cardinals assembled around the candle-lighted catafalque. Members of the Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Holy See and members of the Italian Government were among the congregation. High Mass was said by Archbishop Passetto, Secretary of the Congregation for Religious Orders



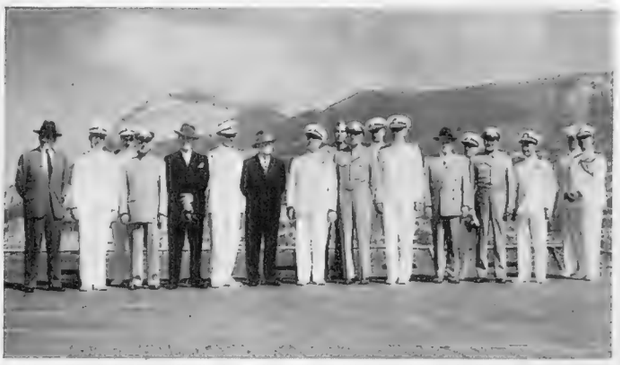
ANGLO-AMERICAN FLEETS IN THE "MED."

A Gathering of Task Forces

A MIGHTY GATHERING AT THE ROCK : An aerial view of British and American warships outside the harbour at Gibraltar, where there has been a large concentration of strength during recent weeks. On the extreme right is the U.S. carrier "Kearsage," and near by is the relieving carrier, "Franklin D. Roosevelt." On the starboard bow of the "Franklin D. Roosevelt" is the British battleship "Vanguard"

October is proving a month of intense activity in the Mediterranean, with the units of the British Mediterranean Fleet engaging in tactical exercises and with American warships coming in to relieve other American warships which have completed their tour of duty. A fortnight ago there was a big concentration of naval strength off Gibraltar, when the United States carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt*, a vessel of 45,000 tons, came in to relieve the *Kearsage*. In harbour at the same time was the battleship *Vanguard*, of 42,500 tons. Admiral Richard Conolly, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Mediterranean Fleet, who has only just returned to Europe after attending a series of strategical conferences in the United States, arrived at Gibraltar to watch the relief of American warships, and he will spend about five weeks in Mediterranean waters, wearing his flag in the United States heavy cruiser *Columbus*

THE "VANGUARD" AT VALETTA : Britain's latest and biggest battleship in Grand Harbour, where she recently put in an appearance with other units of the Fleet. In the New Year the "Vanguard" will take the King and Queen and Princess Margaret to Australia. While in the Mediterranean she has been engaged in a series of tactical exercises



A GATHERING AT THE ROCK : United States Senator Chan Gurney, of South Dakota, chairman of the Senate Armed Forces Committee, and members of his party are shown above with Admiral Richard L. Conolly, Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Naval Forces, Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean, on the flight-deck of the 45,000-ton carrier U.S.S. "Franklin D. Roosevelt," Flagship of Carrier Division 1, at Gibraltar, with the "Rock" in the background. In the photograph, taken while Senator Gurney and his group were inspecting United States naval forces in the Mediterranean and the Middle East during their tour of overseas military establishments and naval units, are (left to right)—John Adams, Clerk to the Senate Armed Forces Committee; Rear-Admiral George C. Dyer, U.S.N., Commander, Cruiser Division 10; Commander A. A. Allen, U.S.N.; Major-General Bryant L. Boatner, U.S. Air Force; Robert T. Devaney, Assistant to Senator Gurney; Rear-Admiral Ballentine, Commander of Carrier Division 1; Senator Gurney, Admiral Conolly, Major Paul Doherty, United States Army, and Major-General Wilton B. Persons

THE MOORLANDS ESTATE, BATH: Here 211 houses have been built to the design of Mr. J. Owens, the City Engineer and Surveyor, on traditional lines in Bath stone. In the foreground are two-bedroom semi-detached houses; beyond are two- and three-bedroom houses in blocks of six; and beyond these are two- and three-bedroom houses, stepped in pairs to form terraces conforming to contours. The view looks towards Bathampton Down in the distance, in front of which is the Beechen Cliff residential area

OPEN-FRONT LAWNS GIVE AN AIR OF SPACIOUSNESS: Some attractive houses on a slope of the Moorlands Estate at Bath, a fine example of a local authority providing houses to conform with the character of the neighbourhood. The estate, in common with the celebrated Camden Crescent and Lansdown Crescent, is made additionally attractive by reason of the sloping nature of the ground

BATH BUILDS ANEW AND RESPECTS THE PAST

Moorlands, a Modern Housing Estate, in Traditional Bath Stone

Bath bears her scars bravely. In two thousand years of recorded history she has seen much of pagan hate and fury, and the Teutonic assault upon her in April, 1942, when the German bombers visited upon her one of the Baedeker raids, was in its way no more formidable than the onslaught of Angles and Saxons on the peaceful undefended Aquæ Sulis, believed to have been the scene of a hideous massacre at the close of the Roman period. In the years since 1945, Bath has been recovering steadily from the German attack, and in previous issues of THE SPHERE readers will already have seen what has been done, and is being done, to restore the Regency glories of the resort. The pictures on this page show another aspect of modern Bath—the creation of the Moorlands Estate, a magnificently-conceived group of small houses, built to the design of Bath's City Engineer. The estate, with its attractively-stepped terraces is an example to the whole of the West Country in how to build houses in keeping with the traditional atmosphere of the neighbourhood, and it is one that nearby Cheltenham could, perhaps, follow with great advantage.

HOW THE NEW HOUSES IN SUBURBAN BATH ARE STEPPED UP THE SLOPE OF THE MOORLANDS ESTATE: They are built on traditional lines in Bath stone, and if they have nothing of the Regency grandeur of Camden Crescent or Prior Park, they none the less, in their own way, conform with the character of the neighbourhood

THE NURSING SISTERS BOUND ON THEIR MISSION OF MERCY: Members of the first airborne medical team leaving their Dakota when flying over Upper Heyford, Oxfordshire. The girls carry 200 lbs. of medical equipment. They wear battledress and normal parachutist helmet and ankle-boots. The team consists of four sisters, three orderlies and an operating-room assistant under a medical officer

BRITAIN'S NEW SKY NURSES

An Airborne Medical Team Makes Practice Jumps at Upper Heyford

The R.A.F.'s first parachute medical unit including four young nurses, made its initial jump as a team at No. 1 Parachute and Glider Training School at Upper Heyford, Oxfordshire. The team, which also includes two medical officers and four nursing orderlies, will form the nucleus of a scheme to deal at short notice with casualties at aircraft accidents in areas which would otherwise be inaccessible. The nurses, all sisters of the Princess Mary's Royal Air Force Nursing Service, were making their fifth jump.

Air Vice-Marshal P. C. Livingston, Director-General of the R.A.F. Medical Services, who watched the exercise, told the Press that eventually he plans for every hospital to have a parachute section. Teams which complete the four-weeks course would be ready to leave at a moment's notice for the scene of an aircraft accident, fully qualified to deal with casualties and equipped for a seven-days stay.

The present plan is to train about six medical teams a year and to give refresher training at intervals.

THE BIRTH OF A NEW IDEA IN AERIAL RESCUE WHICH MAY HAVE A FAR-REACHING INFLUENCE OVER CIVIL AND MILITARY AVIATION—HOW THE SKY NURSES GO INTO ACTION ON TOUCHING DOWN: An aerial view of the scene as the four sisters, the medical officer and his male orderlies dealt with casualties a few moments after they had parachuted down from their Dakota transport. On releasing themselves from their parachutes they rushed to this assembly-point in order to pick up supplies and establish their dressing-station

THE MEDICAL TEAM MAKES ITS FIRST JUMP AS A UNIT: Sisters of Princess Mary's Royal Air Force Nursing Service leaving the Dakota as they gave a demonstration over Upper Heyford, Oxfordshire. The object is to create a series of mobile teams which will reach remote crashes on mountain-tops and other inaccessible places in peacetime, and which could work in forward areas in time of war

THE PIONEER TEAM: The four nursing sisters of Princess Mary's Royal Air Force Nursing Service with Section Officer Audrey Penfold (right), who made the first concerted jump with the team. In the centre is Senior Sister J. M. Maffey, of London. The girls had all made previous training jumps

THE PARACHUTE MEDICAL TEAM MARCHES FULLY EQUIPPED TO THE WAITING AIRCRAFT: With a doctor, orderlies and sky-nurses, they had all the equipment necessary to set up a field dressing-station, and to give first-aid to casualties. The plan is to train six teams a year capable of parachuting to the treatment of crash victims

THE LINK BETWEEN THE WEAVER AND THE TRENT—THE BOAT-LIFT IN ACTION : The navigable area of the River Weaver, in Cheshire, known as the Weaver Navigation, is linked to the Trent and Mersey Navigation by a boat-lift which raises, or lowers, barges to the different levels of the two navigations. The difference in the two levels is 50 ft. and the journey by lift is made in about two minutes. The boat-lift is electrically operated

BRITAIN'S ONLY BOAT LIFT

The Link Between the Open Sea and the Staffordshire Potteries

The River Weaver, which flows through the middle of Cheshire, has on its lower 20 miles, from Winsford to the River Mersey, been widened, deepened and in some places straightened, so that small coasting vessels can now navigate inland for a distance of about 35 miles from the open sea. The navigable section of the river is known as the Weaver Navigation. At Anderton, in the Northwich Pond, between Saltersford and Hunt's Lock, the Weaver connects with the Trent and Mersey Navigation, which is situated some 50 ft. above the Weaver Navigation. This connection is made possible by means of an electrical boat-lift. This is the only boat-lift in the British Isles, and it provides a cheap method of transport for traffic to the Staffordshire Potteries, the Black Country and the Midland manufacturing centres. The lift's two electrically-operated and independent tanks can accommodate two narrow canal boats with about 50 tons of cargo. The boats can complete the journey from one level to the other in about two minutes. The River Weaver was first opened as a navigable waterway about 1725 when, following an Act of Parliament in 1721, locks were constructed enabling boats carrying about 40 tons to ply between Winsford and the Mersey.

On right—**PREPARING FOR THE ASCENT TO THE UPPER RIVER : A canal barge entering one of the tanks of the boat-lift from the Weaver. In approximately two minutes, after the necessary time allowed for the securing in the tank, the barge will be ready to continue its journey on the Trent and Mersey Navigation**

THE "PYRRHUS" ENTERS THE WATERS OF THE MERSEY: The second of two vessels being built by Messrs. Cammell Laird and Co., Ltd., Birkenhead, for Messrs. Alfred Holt and Co., of Liverpool, seen after being launched. The 11,000-ton liner's sister-ship "Peleus" was launched early last month, and both vessels will in due course go into the Far Eastern Service, their eastern terminal port being in Japan. The "Pyrrhus" is a single-screw passenger and cargo liner of 11,000 tons, with a length of 478 ft. and a beam of 68 ft. Accommodation is provided for twenty-nine first-class passengers, and the ship will carry general and refrigerated cargo. The raked stem accords with prevailing marine architectural fashion

New Launchings

"PYRRHUS" and "HIMALAYA"

A New Cargo-Passenger Liner for the Far East, and a P. and O. Giant

THE LAUNCH OF THE "HIMALAYA" AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS—THE LARGEST SHIP YET PROJECTED FOR THE P. & O. COMPANY SEEN AS SHE ENTERED THE WATER FROM THE YARD OF VICKERS-ARMSTRONG: The "Himalaya," of 31,000 tons gross, is intended for the service between the United Kingdom, India and Australia. She will be 710 ft. in length, with a 90-ft. beam and 31-ft. depth on loaded draught. There will be accommodation for 779 first and 393 tourist-class passengers, and the vessel will be able to carry 263,000 cub. ft. of general cargo, and 240,000 cub. ft. of refrigerated cargo. Her speed will be in the neighbourhood of 23 knots and, as the fastest liner flying the P. & O. flag, the "Himalaya" should reduce the time taken for the passage from the United Kingdom to Bombay from 20 to 15 days, and to Melbourne from 38 to 28 days. The *Himalaya* is to be about 7,000 tons more than the *Stratheden*, of 24,000 tons, built by the same firm in 1937. Compared with the eighteen months during which the *Stratheden* was under construction from the laying of the keel to delivery, the *Himalaya* has been two years and seven months. If, as is hoped at present, the liner is delivered to her owners in May next, she will have been three years and two months under construction. The shorter working week in the shipyards, and controls and the scarcity of materials have seriously contributed to the delays

A MICHAELMASTIDE CONSECRATION AT YORK MINSTER—THE NEW BISHOP OF COLOMBO WITH THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK AFTER THE CEREMONY : The Rev. Archibald R. Graham-Campbell was consecrated by the Primate of England, Dr. Garbett, on the feast day of St. Michael, to be Bishop of Colombo, in the Province of India, Burma and Ceylon. The See has been vacant since last year. At the time of his appointment to the bishopric, the Rev. Graham-Campbell was Fellow, Dean and Chaplain of King's College, Cambridge, having held those appointments since 1942. Previously he had been an assistant master at Eton College from 1930-37. In this photograph are, extreme left—the Rev. P. N. Wansey, Assistant Chaplain to the Archbishop of York; extreme right—Mr. W. S. Wigglesworth, Chancellor of the Diocese. In the rear are the Rev. P. J. S. Russell, Honorary Chaplain, and the Rev. P. W. Wheel, O.B.E., crucifer

THE NEW BISHOP SUFFRAGAN OF BARKING : The Rev. Hugh Rowlands Gough photographed with his wife in their garden. He has succeeded the Right Rev. James Theodore Inskip, who has resigned owing to ill-health. He is to be consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury in St. Paul's Cathedral on November 1, the feast day of All Saints. The new Bishop, who was ordained in 1928, has been vicar and rural Dean of Islington, North London, for the past two years

Home News in Pictures

FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

BRITISH RAILWAYS IN A CAR PARK : The first of four coaches which became derailed when an electric train hit the buffers at West Croydon Station, crashed through a 6-ft.-thick wall and damaged several cars. The coaches were empty and were being run into a bay which is not used for normal traffic. The motorman was unhurt, but the leading coach overturned one car, and did minor damage to others

POLICE ON DUTY BY THE WRECKED CARS : On the left of the picture is the nearside rear wheel of the car which was overturned, and, centre, the car which was crushed

TWO MEN ON A PLANE : Fitters at work on the port tailplane of the giant Brabazon I, now nearing completion at Filton. *On right*—**The Brabazon I in the hangar, which was specially built for her. Note the engine cowlings, ready to be closed into position on the wings. Beside her stands a D.H. Tiger Moth.** The Brabazon I will be one of the world's largest aircraft, and, if the prototype proves successful, Brabazon air-liners will be operated by B.O.A.C. on the North Atlantic route in three or four years' time. The Brabazon I has a wing-span of 230 ft., and a tailplane with a span of 75 ft. and a height of 50 ft. The great passenger compartment is 143 ft. long and the machine will carry between 70 and 100

A THEATRICAL STAR AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE: Katherine Dunham speaking to members of the Royal Anthropological Institute last week. For several months Katherine Dunham, with her West Indian "dancers and musicians," filled the Prince of Wales Theatre with her show, *A Caribbean Rhapsody*. Miss Dunham was the mainstay of the show, with her seductive singing, her brilliant and graceful, rhythmic dancing and her flair for comedy. But last week she appeared in a very different role when she delivered a lecture to the Royal Anthropological Institute at University College. Miss Dunham is a B.A. of Chicago University and she took as her subject the occurrence of cults among peoples whose connection with their traditional culture has been lost. She instanced the popularity of such sects as the Abyssinians, the Temple of Israel and Father Divine as examples of compensation for the oppression of the Negroes in the United States. At the end of the lecture, she conducted a discussion of the subject with considerable skill

KATHERINE DUNHAM DELIVERING HER LECTURE: The coloured star of "A Caribbean Rhapsody" spoke on the subject of the occurrence of cults among "deprived" peoples

THEY "LENT A HAND ON THE LAND": Farm-workers celebrate the bringing in of the harvest in traditional dance. With forks at the "present," they trample the straw in the marquee, erected on Home Pasture at High Halden, in Kent. Three hundred townspeople joined the villagers for the celebration. Many of them, who spent their summer holidays working on the land, lived at the Turk's Head Farm hostel, which belongs to the Youth Hostel Association

BIRMINGHAM'S CONTRIBUTION TO ELECTRIC POWER CONSERVATION: The clock at Five Ways being painted to remind citizens of the "peak periods." All public clocks in Birmingham are being similarly painted, with the two time periods of 8 until 10 o'clock and 4 until 6 o'clock blacked out to attract attention to the morning and afternoon peak electricity consumption periods. The scheme was devised by the Birmingham Gas and Electricity Economy Committee

LAYING-UP THE COLOURS OF THE 1ST BATTALION, THE BLACK WATCH: The Colour Party marching from Queen's Barracks to the Perth Art Gallery. *On right*—Field Marshal Earl Wavell receiving the colours at the entrance to the art gallery, which houses the regimental museum. Earl Wavell, who is Colonel of the regiment, recalled that the colours had been carried for over seventy-five years. They are said to have been the oldest serving colours in the British Army

SNAP RETURNS TO HIS POND : The Whipsnade sea-lion, after a satisfying meal, laboriously climbs the fence that leads him back to what he fondly imagines is the north-east Pacific Ocean

SNAP'S DECISION

The Sea-Lion Goes Out to Get His Food, and Other News from Whipsnade and Regent's Park

TACKLING THE FOOD SITUATION : Omnivorously-inclined, Snap, the Whipsnade sea-lion, lets no fence stand in the way to sustenance as he goes to meet his keeper. Whipsnade is a big place and the idea that something has occurred to delay his meal is a cause for serious sea-lion palpitations! When bloated with food, Snap finds the return journey to his pond, as depicted above on left, a more laborious proceeding than his athletic escape

"THE SNARK WAS A BOOJUM, YOU SEE" : As mysterious as a snark and as mythical as a boojum, Dot and Dash (so called because of their rather strange body markings) have hog-like forms and belong to the tapir species that hails from South America, Sumatra and Borneo. They seem to flourish well at Whipsnade. They are vegetarians: and are not called tapirs because of the length of their snouts

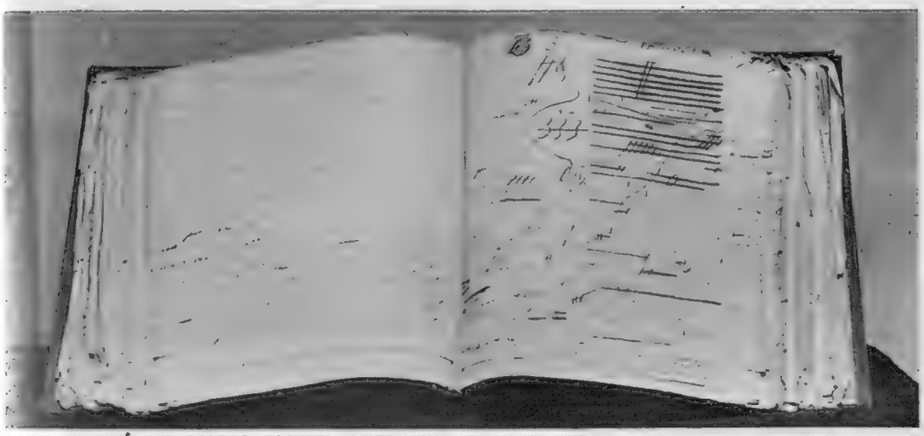
"ISN'T IT FUNNY HOW A BEAR LIKES HONEY?" : The Malayan and Himalayan bears in their special enclosure at London Zoo are far less homesick now they have been provided with a tree. It is hardly the time to start looking for honey, but the aimless chase can be entertaining

CALF LOVE : Of the huge herds that once roamed the North American continent, this type of bison, in its wild state, is almost extinct. The two-weeks-old calf is a flourishing newcomer to Bison Hill, Whipsnade. The Canadian Government has recently made a gift of two bulls

Whipsnade has just completed another summer season of intense popularity. Nobody to-day questions the success of the Zoological Society's rural venture, one of the most ambitious of its kind ever undertaken in the annals of zoo-keeping. In Whipsnade's early days some of the complaints regarding the paucity of animals to be seen were more or less justified; but to-day the visitor cannot walk a yard without seeing a wealth of diverse creatures. Some of the small deer, wallabies and marmots have indeed increased beyond all counting. The bison have not been particularly prolific and, as noted on this page, the Canadian Government has lately helped to reinforce the herd. Whipsnade provides the animals with purity of air, width of range and Arcadian peace which no skill could offer the wild animals in Regent's Park

THE INSPIRATION BEHIND THE NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE'S EXHIBITION: Mr. Desmond Flower examining a fifteenth-century wood-cut from the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, at the exhibition, "A Thousand Years of French Books," which he has arranged at 7, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, and which was opened at the beginning of the month by Sir Duff Cooper, formerly British Ambassador in Paris. This wood-cut, entitled "The Man of Sorrows," is believed to be the only copy extant

TOURING THE ALBEMARLE STREET EXHIBITION: Sir Duff Cooper, who opened the National Book League's display, with Mr. John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, who is president of the National Book League. In a speech at the opening ceremony Mr. Masefield spoke of the debt of English poetry to France for the rhyming couplet and the Alexandrine, and for English prose for all that it had of order, clearness and elegance. "France has been a kindly master in all the ways of bookcraft, such as fine writing, illustration and binding," declared the Poet Laureate, "and the exhibition shows the wonderful plants from which this country has taken cuttings"

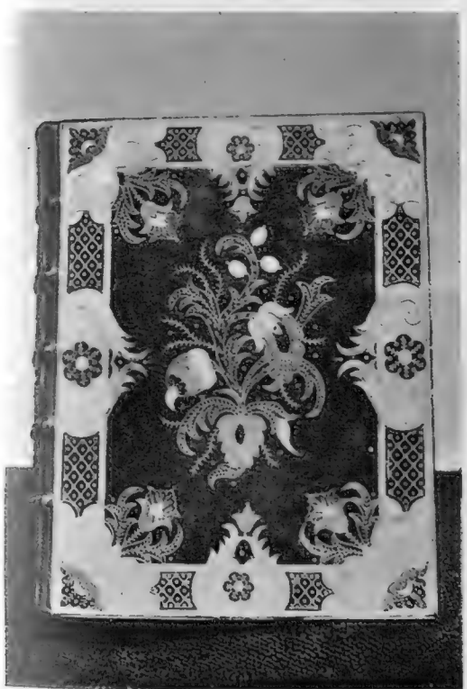


HOW HONORÉ DE BALZAC TACKLED THE TASK OF AUTHORSHIP: An interesting parallel with the methods of Mr. Churchill. This volume contains the author's first autograph MS., together with the corrected first proofs, revealing considerable insertions and alterations. It is the novel *Une Ténébreuse Affaire*, published in Paris in 1843. Balzac's method of work was very like Mr. Churchill's. The first draft was thrown together with speed, and at the proof stage a process of detailed polishing took place. Balzac was in the habit of putting together one copy of each of his books, made up of manuscript and proofs, to display the successive stages of the book's development. These he gave to his closest friends

A THOUSAND YEARS OF FRENCH BOOKS

The Exhibition of Manuscripts, First Editions, and Bindings by the National Book League

A JEWELLED BINDING OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY: This sumptuous binding, covering Gospel manuscripts of Germanic origin in the eleventh century, was presented by Charles V of France to the Sainte Chapelle in 1379



IN SCARLET MOROCCO, GILT AND INLAID: An example of the binding art of the Monniers, a distinguished family of binders who flourished in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Their most remarkable contribution was in the middle decades of the eighteenth century, when they produced a group of bindings, usually signed, of which this is an example

THE WORKS OF FRANÇOIS VILLON: This volume, lent by the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, contains the whole body of Villon's work, of which only two copies are known to exist. The poem on the right, with the three figures upon the gibbet adorning it, is the celebrated epitaph beginning "Brothers among men who after us shall live"

THE PSALTER OF ST. LOUIS: Two of the full-page miniatures representing scenes from the Old Testament painted on a ground of burnished gold from the thirteenth-century manuscript on vellum which also comes from the Bibliothèque Nationale

Revealing something of every side of the making of books, an art in which France has excelled for 1,000 years, the National Book League's Exhibition of Manuscripts, First Editions and Bindings at 7, Albemarle Street, is in every way admirable, as also were the opening addresses of Sir Duff Cooper and Mr. John Masefield. The organiser of the exhibition, Mr. Desmond Flower, a son of Sir Newman Flower, who took over control of Cassels from his father in 1946, has carried out his task brilliantly, and has produced a catalogue which adds vastly to the enjoyment of the display; it is indeed a brilliant compendium of French literary history and full of amusing sidelights on French writers, as witness the anecdote about Gerard de Nerval. De Nerval, Mr. Flower relates, had a tame lobster which he led about on a blue ribbon, and to all inquirers he gave reply that he liked lobsters because they were "serious, quiet and acquainted with the secrets of the sea." In addition to such sprightly characteristics as this, the catalogue is also magnificently printed, and, fittingly enough, is set in Fournier, a French type face which, by virtue of its elegance, has so admirably stood the test of time. Altogether, there are about 300 exhibits, and the skill with which they have been chosen to represent ten centuries of achievement commands unstinted admiration

THROUGH the CLARET COUNTRY at VINTAGE TIME

The Record of a Tour in the Wine-growing Country Around Bordeaux

By CHARLES GRAVES

Bordeaux.

THE Vendanges, alias the grape harvest, is now in full swing. Some of the smaller vineyards whose owners decided to start picking the grapes early have practically finished. Others, like Château Yquem and Mouton Rothschild, are only half-way through. They began deliberately late and in some instances have stopped picking in the hopes of a few more showers of rain. Winegrowers in France are very much like farmers in England—they are seldom content with the weather. It is always a little too hot or a little too wet or there are not enough "splendid fogs," otherwise early-morning mists, or the wind is coming from the east instead of the south. All being equal, however, they are very pleased with themselves this year. A last-minute burst of hot weather has turned a non-vintage year into a vintage year which will compare with either 1900 or 1926 according to the next two or three days.

In the course of a week I have visited over twenty châteaux in Medoc, Graves, Sauterne, Barsac and St. Emilion. Their construction varies as much as their wines. Some are genuine castles with turreted walls, others are not much bigger than large farmhouses or even villas. The most picturesque of all, Château Montesquieu, no longer grows grapes. Its vineyards now belong to other proprietors. Château Montesquieu is completely surrounded by a particularly wide moat full of ancient carp which are never fished, the reason being that they eat the mosquito eggs and in consequence there are none of these irritating insects to sting the owners. Château Montesquieu dates back to the Black Prince, who also built nearby Château Olivier. This I also visited, and it is completely intact, including the tower in which the gallant Du Gueschin was incarcerated by the Black Prince before being paroled to secure his ransom, which he did twice over.

The oldest château vineyard is unquestionably Château Ausone, which takes its name from none other than the Latin poet, Ausonius, the original owner, in about 300 A.D. The Château itself is merely mediæval, though the grapes have been grown in the surrounding vineyards for 2,000 years.

An unforgettable experience was to sleep the night in Château Margaux itself. The Château is a show-place and the chief shareholder in the private company which owns it lives in another château a mile away. However, there is a permanent suite available for occasional visitors like myself.

Very few of the châteaux are inhabited all the year round by the proprietors. These include, however, Château Cantemerle, the owner of which—M. Dubos—showed me his vintage book dating back to the last century with daily entries about the dew, the temperature, the direction of the wind, the hours of sunshine, and the like. Normally the grapes are picked 100 days after the flowering of the vines. But this is a movable feast.

What was particularly attractive was to see the labels come to life. Indeed, to lunch in Château Lafite, to walk round the flowered terraces, to see the actual interior of the rather flatly-printed design on the outside of the bottle, to taste the latest vintage with the proprietor, Baron Elie de Rothschild, was rather like dream-walking. A similar experience at Château Mouton Rothschild, which belongs to Baron Elie's cousin and rival, Baron Philip de Rothschild, seemed equally somnambulistic. I say nothing of the sensational wines and cognacs which I drank—a Clos D'Estournel 1865 at Château Margaux, a Hine 1860 at Mouton Rothschild, and other miracles at Lafite, Château Yquem, Pontet Canet, Haut Brion, and so on.

The proprietors of the châteaux vary as much as the châteaux themselves. They may be anything from jolly yeoman types like M. Querr of Monbousquet to aristos like the Marquis de Lur-Saluces of Château Yquem.

It was fascinating, too, to meet the famous shippers, most of whom are on the young side now. Edouard Kressmann (senior) has more or less handed over to his son of the same Christian name, who looks very much like a taller Oliver Messel. Daniel Calvet is about forty, with eyes like Eddie Cantor. Christian Cruse, it is true, looks like a retired colonel with his clipped grey moustache. Pierre Peyre-Langue of Hanappier, however, is a dark youth with slicked-back black hair. All of them have some different hobby. One is a first-class singer, another a first-class painter, yet another loves his stamp album above all else. Philip de Rothschild, brown-haired, medium height, usually dressed in corduroy trousers and a leather golf jacket when at his Château, has directed at least two films and produced various shows in Paris. All of them talk very seriously about the tremendous increase in the cost of running their vineyards. It is a fact that one-third of all the vineyards of the Gironde have been uprooted in the past generation. Château Giscours, one of my favourites, is down to 200 hogsheads a year. Others have given up entirely and turned to Jerusalem artichokes. Practically none cultivates its full area.

It so happened that my visit coincided with a tour of the vineyards by members of the London Wine and Food Society. By now they have all returned, fatter, happier and wiser men. I made no attempt to embrace their prodigious itinerary. Each day they must have visited at least a dozen châteaux at each of which they tasted at least two different wines. The luncheons, between visits to the vineyards, were gargantuan. At St. Emilion there were ten different red wines—ranging from 1945's to 1929's, though most were 1943's. At Langon there were no fewer than eighteen vintage wines, together with two table wines and, of course, the liqueurs to follow. It is surprising how many of the Englishmen stayed the full course—or rather, courses—of which seven was the usual number. But fortunately there were three doctors among them . . .

In addition to the vineyards I personally visited numbers of cellars, both in the châteaux and Bordeaux itself. They are enormous. Some have a kind of penicillin fungus on the walls (said to dehydrate the air), samples of which were dexterously removed by a medical professor, who wanted to have them analysed at St. Mary's on his return to London. Others have gigantic cobwebs so big that you feel you could almost swing from them. The most modern ones have so many miniature railway lines that you feel that you might be in a very clean coal-mine or on the Underground.

French winegrowers have had great trouble with their barrels. Both of their best sources of supply, Czechoslovakia and Russia, have dried up. They are now experimenting with a type of French chestnut. Glass for bottles has also been a nuisance. Many bottles have failed to survive the Atlantic without causing a kind of glass deposit at the bottom. And, of course, there is always the problem of the cork. As for the English market, there is some concern that we now buy only 20 per cent. of red wines from Bordeaux; whereas before the war we bought 80 per cent. I had no difficulty in explaining this sudden change. Nobody will drink red wine with fish, and as fish is our main diet we are bound to order more white wine. The American and other foreign markets are also dwindling, though for different reasons.

At the moment those shippers who also own vineyards, like M. Cruse, the proprietor of Pontet Canet, are in a somewhat droll position. They hold board meetings with themselves in their dual capacities, and do a kind of ventriloquial act. M. Cruse, as proprietor of the shipping firm, says to himself, as owner of the vineyards, "You must bring your prices down or I refuse to buy."

M. Cruse, as proprietor of Pontet Canet, retorts, "If that's how you feel about it, I shall stop growing wine. How d'you like that?" M. Cruse, as the shipper, thereupon sighs deeply and says: "Well, I'll subsidise you a bit longer, because I like your wines, but I can't guarantee to do this for ever."

Buying of wine is done in units of tonneaux. A tonneau is roughly the amount of wine you get from three acres of vineyard, and is about 200 gallons. The 1947 Château Margaux is now selling at 200,000 francs a tonneau in Bordeaux. But that is the top price; 1947 is a particularly good vintage and Château Margaux is the best of the 1947's. Less fashionable wines, even if very good, will not fetch half this amount. And in a bad year like 1941 even Château Margaux would not fetch a third of this. On such occasions the wine is not even given its rightful name and is sold off in bulk to the wholesalers on the French market, who sell it to retailers for sale by the glass.

I came across two very pleasant sayings down here. One is "You will always find more old soaks alive than old doctors." The other is "People say that alcohol slowly kills you. O.K., I'm in no hurry to die."

It was nearly a century ago that the men of Bordeaux decided to classify their top wines, according to the prices which they were generally fetching. That was in 1855. To-day many of the wines still classified as fifth growths fetch better prices than many classified as second growths because of a half-century of assiduous care and attention. Pontet Canet is a case in point. But Lafite, Latour, Margaux, Haut Brion still command the highest prices of all—together with Mouton Rothschild, officially a second growth, but considered by many people to be the best of all. Because of being classified as a second growth, the Rothschilds have adapted the Duc de Rohan's famous motto and altered it to—

Premier ne puis
Second dédaigne
Mouton suis.

Perhaps in six years' time a new classification will be made. But I doubt it very much. There would be far too much ill-feeling involved. A pity.

AN OLD FORTRESS OF THE GIRONDE: The Château de Montesquieu dates back to the days of the Black Prince. Its vineyards now belong to outside proprietors. The wide moat is full of ancient carp which are never fished

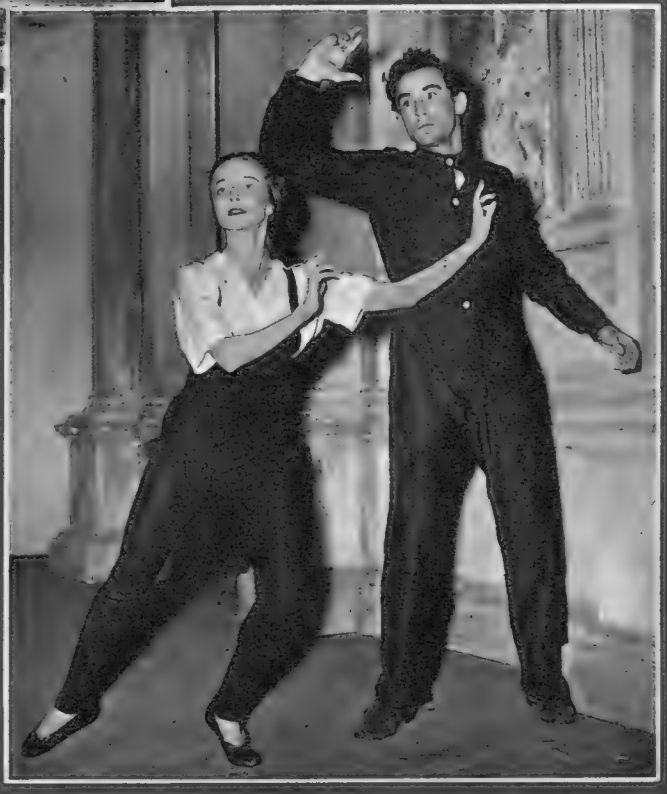
GATHERING THE GRAPES IN THE VINEYARD OF MONTMARTRE: French comedian Georges Milton (centre) taking part in the vendange on the Butte, the little plot of land in Paris where the wine grapes are always harvested with much junketing and donning of fancy dress. The usual yield is about 2,000 lb. of grapes. They make as much fuss of the diminutive harvest of the Butte as do the vignerons on their large estates in Burgundy and the Gironde. The harvesting starts with a ceremonial procession

SOPHOCLES PLAYED IN DENIMS: The Italian Company of the Fourteenth International Festival of Venice, who lost all their costumes en route to England, played their first night of "Edipo Re" at the Cambridge Theatre in their rehearsal overalls. Only Andreina Pagnani, as Jocasta, wore a black evening gown, which had a design in sequins

The London Theatre

GREEK TRAGEDY AND GRACIE FIELDS

The twenty-two Italian actors and actresses of the Fourteenth International Festival of Venice, who played in *Edipo Re*, an Italian version, by Manara Valgimigli, of Sophocles's tragedy, had the misfortune to lose most of their scenery and all their costumes before the first night. They gave their performance in rehearsal dress of blue overalls. The Italian Stage Festival presented four plays, last week, produced by three companies. The Fourteenth International Festival of Venice Company also gave *L'Uomo Che Ha Ucciso Pilato*, a modern play by Callegari; the company of the Piccolo Teatro di Milano presented a typical example of Commedia dell-Arte in Carlo Gozzi's *Il Corvo*, and the National Academy of Dramatic Arts ended the week with a performance of Pirandello's *Sei Personnaggi in Cerca di Autore*, the English version of which is so popular a feature of our "non-commercial" theatre. The Festival was under the direction of Guido Salvini



PRACTICE TIGHTS AND REHEARSAL OVERALL: Susan Egri and Vittorio Gassmann, premier dancer of the Rome Opera, as they appeared in "Edipo Re," when their costumes were lost

GRACIE FIELDS MAKES A TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE WEST END: THE FIRST ENGLISH STAR TO TOP THE BILL AT THE PALLADIUM FOR MANY MONTHS HAS A "DANNY KAYE" RECEPTION. Here she is singing one of her numbers with characteristic gusto. It is forty-two years since Gracie Fields began her career as a vocalist on the stage of a cinema theatre in Rochdale at the age of eight. She became England's leading music-hall star, and that she still holds that place was amply demonstrated last week, when the London Palladium audience, whose favour for nearly a year has gone to American turns, gave her a tremendous reception "Our Gracie" gave a typical programme of semi-serious and full-blooded burlesque numbers, including "Sally"—perhaps her greatest individual success. She also sang a duet with her brother, Tommy Fields (who did his own act in the same programme), and turned a cartwheel. Her sole "prop" was a red scarf, which she tied round her throat, as in this picture, or twirled according to the mood of the song she was singing

EILEEN HERLIE AFTER HER LONDON FIRST NIGHT AS "MEDEA": She was photographed in her dressing-room at the Globe Theatre, with the bouquet presented to her by Sir Alexander Korda. John Gielgud first produced this new version of Euripides's tragedy at the Edinburgh Festival in August. Robinson Jeffers's translation is pedestrian, and even Miss Herlie can do little with it. Cathleen Nesbitt gives a fine performance in the less exacting part of the nurse

New Lamps and Old

CREEVEY MADE HISTORY LIVE

My Constant Companion Through the Years

By JOHN GORE

THE LAST OF MR. CREEVEY.—With the publication by John Murray of a popular one-volume edition of Creevey's letters and memoranda, I take my leave of Thomas Creevey as an active agent in making him known to the reading public. Murray's new publication is tersely titled *Creevey*, and within its covers I tried to cram all that is best and most characteristic of the man's writings taken from Sir Herbert Maxwell's two volumes published in 1903 and from my own volume published in 1934, together with the fruits of my researches into his career conducted during the past fifteen years.

As a Whig politician, lacking the advantages of birth and fortune, he proved his mettle and revealed considerable merits. But fate was against him in that it kept him and his party in the wilderness during Liverpool's long administration; and in the circumstances his contemporary reputation among politicians clearly proves that he was a man of no inferior talents.

But he was forgotten in no time as a politician, the fate of 90 per cent. of men who rise to even high political office, and it is as a commentator on the politics and social history of his times that he will survive quite as long as Greville, perhaps as long as Pepys. "Greville is grey and Disraeli superficial compared with Creevey," wrote a reviewer in 1934. And the puff is not exaggerated. He was a born journalist, an inspired word-painter, and his huge correspondence with his step-daughter, Miss Ord, is as lively reading, as shrewd, amusing and revealing to-day, as it was before the ink dried on his barely legible scrawls.

It was history without tears which was uncovered, after seventy years of concealment, during a week-end visit to Whitfield Hall, Northumberland, at the very beginning of the twentieth century.

The Thrill of Publication in 1903.—The thrill of that first publication in 1903 I am old enough to remember. In those days a "sense of the past" was a common attribute among educated people, and these old letters brought vividly back to hundreds of interested people lively photographs, almost "movies," of their grandparents' and other relations' lives, sayings, doings and appearance in an era half-forgotten, but still of extraordinary interest.

The pathos of human life is only appreciated by the elderly, for it is not fully comprehended until it is possible from a distance to observe its pattern, the coming and the going, the rise and the decline of generation after generation, so swiftly, so completely. A man of sixty can see the pattern clear, his grandparents' and parents' generations completely obliterated, his own nearing its end, his children's perhaps half through its little span, his grandchildren's lease already taken up. *Pereunt et imputantur.* And to what end? Where are the hopes; what have the efforts achieved; how is humanity or civilisation the better for those strivings and joys and sorrows, those hopes and disappointments?

No doubt it is a hackneyed reflection, but the dramatists and novelists fasten on the theme and see its dramatic value. *From Generation to Generation, Milestones, The Old Wives Tale.* "It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying . . . nothing?" Or perhaps a *lot* which cannot be appreciated but after a lapse of another 1,000 years.

What Creevey's published letters did in 1903 and 1934 was to hasten the process for many, to bring the pattern of human life and all its pathos vividly to two surviving generations of men, with the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that was still.

The Film Rolls Back.—How well I remember my grandmother as she was in 1903—a stern and most beautiful old lady in black, with a black satin apron slippery to sit on, a diamond locket always on her throat, a chatelaine of keys at her waist. She wrote out for each of us a little leather-bound book of devotions in her clear handwriting, and very, very old she seemed to me. But when Creevey's letters were published, we saw her in an incredible transformation—a lovely girl of sixteen, jumping a five-barred gate in County Mayo; we saw her coming (like Beatrix Esmond) down the stairs at Bowood, a young and lovely widow in her crêpe, and could hear Talleyrand's gasp of admiration and his whispered, "*Ève avant le péché.*" Saw, too, that portentous and tremendous figure of age and dignity, my white-haired grandfather, dancing madly at Almack's, a boy of great zest and charm, a clerk in the Pay Office at £80 a year, with all his romantic rise to ease and dignity before him. And heard (for the first time) the great Duke at Brussels on the morrow of Waterloo admitting to Creevey: "By God, it was the nearest run thing. . . ." These were among the thrills and stored old films which Creevey's magic turned on and turned back for us, and it is not surprising that the gossip-writer should outlive the Secretary of the Board of Control. India has gone forward, but human nature remains, unchanged and unchanging and always interesting.

Well, I have done now with my self-imposed job of acting as Creevey's impresario or P.R.O. I have published my last book and article on him; but I have not done with him. He was the chief recreation of the best years of my life, and for me the four volumes of his published letters to Bessy Ord and others and his memoranda are my chief and perpetual bedside books, in which there is always something new to be discovered and often something found for correction. If he is only a little less "human" than Pepys, he is far more flesh and blood than Greville, and although I appreciate Greville's accuracy and impartiality (in the main—for he was roughly handled when he was first published), the more I read of Creevey, the more I agree with Gronow's estimate of Creevey's honest efforts to be accurate. Lytton Strachey was never more at sea than in his petty tail-piece to his *Books and Characters.*

Old Thomas Creevey was much more than a placeman, a play-boy or an imp tweaking the petticoat of Clio. He was Clio's complement and partner. He made history live, and assuredly he deserves to live (as henceforward he will live) in history.

REBUILDING THE TEMPLE: CLEARING THE PRECINCTS OF ROMSEY ABBEY

RECONSTRUCTING AND REPAIRING THE TEMPLE: Scaffolding surrounding the less badly damaged buildings which are now in course of repair. The Town and Country Planning Act contains a special clause exempting the Temple from the control of local planning authorities, and making it the direct concern of the Minister. The architects concerned are Mr. J. Hubert Worthington, A.R.A., for the Inner Temple, and Mr. Clyde Young for the Middle Temple. The new Inner Temple Hall, so badly hit during the blitz, will be built on the old foundations and will preserve the fifteenth-century buttery which so fortunately survived the bombing

IN THE SHADOW OF THE LATE NORMAN ABBEY AT ROMSEY; A BULLDOZER CLEARS THE CHURCHYARD TO MAKE A GARDEN OF REST: Trees and gravestones have been uprooted following a decision by Romsey Borough Council—at a special meeting attended by Earl Mountbatten, High Steward of Romsey—to improve the churchyard, which had become a near-wilderness since the last burial over a century ago. The whole area is to be reseeded, paths will be laid, and seats provided. The tombstones will be rearranged in the form of a cross. Only the memorial to the family of the late Canon Cook-Yarborough is to remain. Special permission for the clearance was obtained from the Archbishopric of Canterbury. The memorial to Canon Cook-Yarborough is seen on the left of this picture. The Abbey is for the most part a pure Norman structure

See them at the Motor Show

Here are three of the MG breed that you must see at Earls Court; the MG Midget, the MG 1½ litre Saloon and, for its first time 'out of the stable,' the new MG 1½ litre Tourer. They have many more interesting features than we can show you here, so be sure to come and see us at the Motor Show.

34

THE MG CAR COMPANY LTD ABINGDON-ON-THAMES
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd. Oxford, & 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1

NUFFIELD PRODUCTS

The watch that goes forever —without winding

THE WORLD-FAMOUS Rolex Oyster Perpetual, first waterproof *and self-winding* watch in the world, is available once again. This remarkable watch is wound *automatically* by the slightest motion of the wrist. Worn for only six hours, it goes for thirty; worn always—it goes forever! Enclosed in the unique *permanently* waterproof Oyster case, the Oyster Perpetual possesses that ultra-fine precision which is the mark of every Rolex Swiss *officially* certified wrist-chronometer. At present still in limited supply, from leading jewellers only.

True Chronometer Accuracy

According to Swiss regulations, a watch may only be termed "chronometer" if its accuracy will pass rigorous Observatory or Official Tests. Every Rolex chronometer is accompanied by its own pedigree—a Certificate by a Swiss Official Testing Station—and has the words "Officially certified chronometer" on the dial.

ROLEX

Swiss officially certified wrist-chronometers

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (H. WILSDORF, GOVERNING DIRECTOR)

"My home is Hoover-cleaned LIKE 'GROSVENOR HOUSE', PARK LANE"

SAYS MRS. MOLLIE JOHNS, WIFE OF AN ILFORD BUILDER.

"Yes, my little home is like 'Grosvenor House', Park Lane — it's Hoover-cleaned," said Mrs. Mollie Johns, wife of an Ilford builder, in a recent interview. "Naturally I chose a Hoover Cleaner — I wanted the best — especially since the price is much the same as ordinary makes."

MORE and more housewives in *every walk of life* are realising that easily the best way of saving labour is to buy a Hoover Cleaner — it's so quick and efficient, and so *reliable*. And although the Hoover is the make used at "Grosvenor House", Park Lane and the other leading West End hotels, the prices are within reach of practically everyone.

The Hoover, which "beats . . . as it sweeps . . . as it cleans", saves hours of weary drudgery every week. By cleaning so thoroughly, it also makes your carpets last longer; and you fit the cleaning tools—for curtains, upholstery, etc.—*in a second*.

There is a Hoover Cleaner for every size and type of home. Quality higher than ever before. Prices from £10.10.0 to £21.0.0 (plus purchase tax).

There may be a little delay in delivering some models, so you should see your Authorised Hoover Dealer as soon as possible.

BY APPOINTMENT MANUFACTURERS OF SUCTION SWEEPERS

HOOVER LIMITED

Burberrys

HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1

BURBERRYS LTD Telephone: WHitehall 3343

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

CRONIN SHINES in "SHANNON'S WAY"

Another Medical Novel with the Doctor's Inner Conflict as the Main Theme

DR. A. J. CRONIN'S new novel is welcome as flowers in October, because it is in his very best vein of narrative, and because it is about a doctor of science, one to whom research is as exciting as exploration, or as new records in flying. This is a world, or a state of mind, on which this writer can express himself with a certain amount of authority, and it is that grasp which makes this novel worth while, and atones for the relentless dullness of the setting.

SHANNON'S WAY (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is by no means the tale of a medical student's experiences and for this we may be thankful; but the trials of a brilliant young doctor whose inclinations are all towards pure research, but whose penury compels him at least to consider the advantages of a general practice. This young Shannon is beautifully drawn, in all his acuteness as a scientist, and all his obtuseness as a man who doesn't know when a woman is in love with him.

The book's principal character is a man of early middle age who, recovering from a severe attack of scarlet fever, goes to recuperate in the same Connecticut village as some young friends of his, a pleasant, intelligent couple whose politics might be described as optimistically radical. They represent the normal, but there are also a millionaire publisher, a Communist secret agent who has renounced the party and turned to religion, a drunken handyman, a passionate but rather boring woman, and a lovable child.

The mood of the book is serious, if not portentous, but the problems of ideology it touches give it a certain validity.

Miss Elisabeth Kyle has a considerable gift for story-telling, and so, although her new novel, A MAN OF TALENT (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.), is by no means her best, it is agreeable reading and pleasantly written. The plot, on severe examination, would prove thin to the point of transparency.

Miss Elizabeth D'Oyley is a sound novelist, too, though in a very different tradition. The subject of EVEN AS THE SUN (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.) is Henry Bolingbroke, and the object of the book is to show him in what the author believes to have been his true character, a man who "longed to make England shine above all nations." The success of the book is in the degree to which Miss D'Oyley manages to convince one that this was really the case, and that history has maligned him.

WINTER'S GRACE (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is the story of an English family about 200 years ago, but although most of the action takes place at the same time as the historic episode of "the Forty-Five," or "Operation Charlie," as some of the author's irreverent young friends have called it, the scene is resolutely the North of England, and not even a fictional foot is set over the Border.

Miss Ruby Ferguson tells her romantic tale well, and she has a remarkable robustness of description that suits both the period and adventurous nature of her story very well.

There is a good deal that is adventurous about NIGHTFALL (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) too, but in a widely different way. This short and extremely effective book is about a man in New York who has become innocently involved with a gang, and who is on the run both from them and from the police. Mr. David Goodis keeps up the suspense to an almost unbearable degree, and has succeeded in making both the suspect and the police officer credible and even interesting. I have read so many novels in which characters of this type are no more than lay figures, labelled with a name that is dull and improbable, that I appreciate this distinction.

PRINCE OF FOXES (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is an extremely romantic reconstruction by Dr. Samuel Shellabarger of the Italian scene at the beginning of the sixteenth century, in the days of the Borgias and the d'Estes, and one Andrea Orsini, who is the hero of the story.

Italy then was divided by wars and factions, and a young man of strength, agility and courage could offer or sell his sword to a leader in need of it. Mercenaries were regarded as a necessity, and the word had few of its twentieth-century connotations. It was a period of great violence and, *vide* Dr. Shellabarger, of great amours. Not, in other words, a dull period to write about, and this author has made the most of it.

Mr. Lionel Trilling's novel substitutes thought for action, introspection for violence, and political dialectics for duels. THE MIDDLE OF THE JOURNEY (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.) is a book to be read soberly and carefully, if it is read at all, for its subtleties defy a hurried reading.

WILKIE (Macdonald. 9s. 6d.) deals with a problem, too, but it is one of simpler outlines. The title-role, so to speak, is taken by an Indian Army officer who for years has been dreaming of his return to England on retirement, when he will see his son for the first time for ten years, and perhaps buy a place in Gloucestershire, with "a little rough shooting."

Wilkie comes back to England as he has planned, but it is to find his old friends and his old haunts changed, the "place" unobtainable, and his son turned into a particularly vicious type of spiv. Wilkie returns to India after all, to end his days. Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke makes a likeable person of the elderly officer, and convinces us of the man's rectitude without making him a prig, but the cumulative effect is depressing.

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) should have been more exciting than it is. Perhaps in its form as a wireless play, constantly heard in America, it is more effective, or as a film, which process has already, I hear, overtaken it. Certainly, Mr. Allan Ullman and Miss Lucille Fletcher have a good idea in it, for there are elements of a real thriller in a woman hearing a murder being planned on the telephone without realising that she is to be the victim.

A FILM STAR IN BELGRAVE SQUARE (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.) is neither a biography nor a novel, but the day-by-day account of the making of a new English film, from the point of view of one of the actors. What gives the book a certain originality is that the actor in question is a little boy of about eight years old, and that his father, Mr. Robert Henrey, is writing about his adventures.

My guess is that Mr. Henrey had a good deal of help from Mrs. Henrey in the composition of this book, for she was daily on the set with her son, and even achieved the honour of having her name written across the back of her canvas chair, in true directorial style. In any case, this is one way of learning how a story is filmed, and what goes on "on the floor."

TOURAINE, with Anjou and Maine (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.), is an excellent guide-book, which is particularly rich in photographs, and even includes a list of the principal vintages of Loire wines. Mr. Alan Houghton Brodrick has edited the book, which I look forward to using when next I am in France, and which, in the meantime, will give me some happily nostalgic evenings.

In 1919 an attack on Marxism by one Maurice William was privately printed in New York, and would probably not have been heard of again but for the fact that it was read by Sun Yat-Sen, who is said to have been deeply impressed by its arguments, and to have formulated his political philosophy in harmony with it. MAURICE WILLIAM AND SUN YAT-SEN (Robert Hale. 8s. 6d.) is an attempt to trace this influence, and it is also Mr. Maurice Zolotov's exposition of the William philosophy.

DEVIL'S RECKONING (Crime Club. 8s. 6d.) is one of Mr. Miles Burton's well-constructed mystery stories, all of which in my recollection have the great advantage of watertight plotting.

TAMBURLAINE WITHOUT THE TRIMMINGS

"From jigging veins of rhyming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We 'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine
Threatening the world with high astounding terms
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword."

These very first words of Marlowe's TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT have always been held to sound the trumpet note of attack with which the father of English tragedy, the son of a Canterbury shoemaker, leapt into the front rank of dramatic literature, destroying the old order. Tamburlaine, like most of Marlowe's work, is an uneven play, but it has lines of majestic and exquisite excellence, in part redeeming "the stormy monotony of Titanic truculence which blusters like a simoon through the noisy course of its ten fierce acts." This latest edition (published by the Blandford Press at 7s. 6d.) has been specially prepared by Basil Ashmore who, in doing so, has done a great service to the theatre, freeing from dross the unhandy text, removing much of the clowning and the clamour, the tedious narrative, which have been the despair of producers. What is left, after this judicious, erudite pruning, is some of the noblest literature in our language, and it is hard to believe that this play was written by a man who had no models before him and was often compelled to write against time for his living

When Travers Otway wrote THE HIDDEN YEARS (now published by Faber and Faber at 8s. 6d.), he took a big chance with a subject that many deem to be too morbidly dramatic for the British theatre. His play, which scored such a success at the Fortune, deals with the intricate relationships between boy and boy which grow up in the cloistered atmosphere of the British public school. As a play it is first-rate "theatre"; as a commentary on a vast problem it has profundity. The two boys on whose relationship the play centres are treated with a fine perception of the tribulations and triumphs, the discomforts and exaltations of adolescence.

The Flemish Primitives—and was there ever a distinguished school of painting with a more inappropriate name?—are coming in for much attention at the present moment. ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN (Iris Colour Book, Batsford Ltd. 18s.) was by no means the greatest among them, for his style is dry and severe compared with that of the Van Eycks, but his pictures have a deeply religious intention, a quality of dramatic expression which must have appealed intensely to the picture-loving folk of the Netherlands of the fifteenth century—a people who understood and loved art that was simple, sincere and honest. This pictorial record of Van der Weyden's work is magnificently printed and produced in the Batsford tradition we know so well.

Apart from his dedication, which is quite unnecessarily provocative, indicating, as it does, that our free Parliamentary system may not be exactly secure, Mr. Alfred Bossom's book, OUR HOUSE: AN INTRODUCTION TO PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE (People's Universities Press. 7s. 6d.), is a fine piece of work, and much to be welcomed. Mr. Bossom, who has been M.P. for the Maidstone Division since 1931, writes about the House of Commons with respect and affection, explaining its manners and customs, its ritual, and the complications of its age-old procedure, with notable clarity. Mr. Bossom's reference to the statesmanlike behaviour of the House of Lords under the Socialist regime will find general acceptance; but no doubt his plea for the advent of peeresses in the Upper Chamber will bring down on his head the derision of at least one side of the faithful Commons.

Here are four illustrated books for the specialist, each in a very different field.

METALWORK, by Donald Smith (Batsford. 7s. 6d.), is an introductory historical survey which in the space of sixty pages includes a vast amount of vital data appealing both to the student and the general reader.

PRIMULAS IN THE GARDEN (Lindsay Drummond. 12s. 6d.) is a book for the specialist gardener, by Kenneth Charles Corsar. The author is the leading light of the Scottish Rock Gardens Club, and an expert cultivator.

Peter Lunn is the author of A SKI-ING PRIMER (Methuen. 7s. 6d.), a book for beginners with chapters on technique, ski-ing equipment, the choice of a ski-ing centre, and all the hundred and one things the tyro wishes to know.

HOW A BALLET IS MADE (Golden Galley Press. 10s. 6d.) is the work of Honor Frost, well known to ballet audiences as decor and costume designer. Celia Franca, choreographer provides some illuminating illustrations.

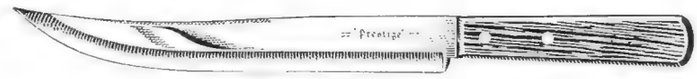
GREAT BRITAIN · U·S·A · CANADA
MIDDLE EAST · WEST AFRICA · EAST AFRICA
SOUTH AFRICA · PAKISTAN · INDIA · CEYLON
AUSTRALIA · NEW ZEALAND · FAR EAST · JAPAN

T'S A SMALL WORLD BY SPEEDBIRD B·O·A·C

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION WITH Q.E.A., S.A.A. AND T.E.A.L.

at last!
kitchen knives that are
really sharp!

Having trouble with your carving, or difficulty preparing vegetables?—you need 'Prestige' Hollow-ground Knives! They're perfectly balanced and comfortable to handle. And what's more, they stay as sharp as the day you bought them!
Made in six individual styles, each designed for a particular carving, cutting, or paring task, they are obtainable from leading stores and ironmongers.



'Prestige' hollow-ground knives
CARVER · SLICER · STEAK KNIFE · PARER
FRENCH COOK'S KNIFE · UTILITY KNIFE

Pheasant Shooting

What are they talking about?

No, they're not talking about the "Bag". They are talking about Burrough's Gin. People who really understand, and really *think* about their gin drinks, always try for Burrough's, because it is *triple distilled*. This extra refinement makes it soft, smooth and perfectly clean to the palate.

Delicious plain, Burrough's Gin also "keeps its place" in even the most delicate cocktails. Prices: 32/4 per bottle 16/11 per half-bottle.

ENJOYED SINCE 1820
BURROUGH'S Gin
IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!

JAMES BURROUGH LTD., 81, CALE DISTILLERY, HUTTON ROAD, S.E.11

Vamour
now 18/6 a bottle

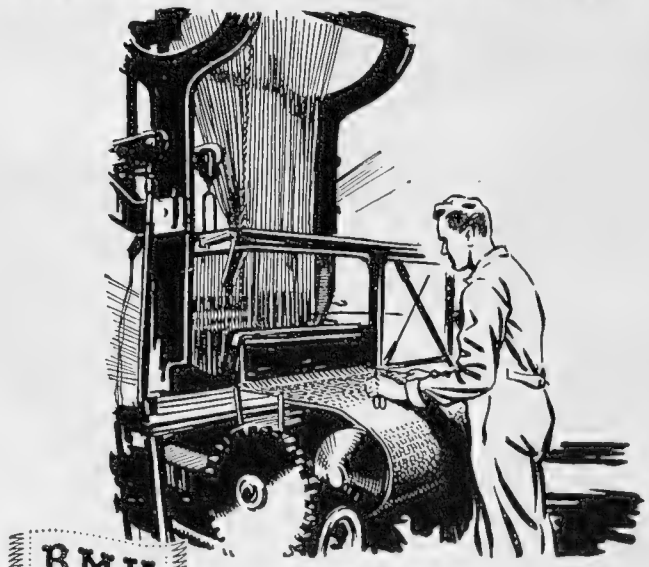
also available in
½ Bottles
9/6
and large Bottles
22/-
Quality unchanged

Still the Best
you can buy—Sweet or Dry

VERMOUTIERS (LONDON) LTD. IBEX HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.3

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL



BMK

The hum of carpet looms has been a familiar sound in Kilmarnock for 150 years. But the note has been constantly changing to meet the need for fine carpets at reasonable prices. Today, although our new machines and ideas have lightened the labour of the old processes, inherited skill keeps a watchful eye on proud traditions of quality.

Blackwood Morton Kilmarnock

Mothproof CARPETS

The World's Best-Known EMBROCATION

Enjoying universal favour for over a hundred years, Elliman's continues to grow in popularity, and is undoubtedly the World's best-known Embrocation. It has been used and trusted by generations of sufferers from RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO SCIATICA STIFFNESS Etc.

RUB IN ELLIMAN'S

RUB OUT PAIN

There are many imitations

The continued popularity of Aertex cellular fabric over sixty years has led to many inferior imitations, often loosely described as "Aertex." But the *real* Aertex is unique. It has never been successfully copied. You can tell it by this label.

Genuine Aertex garments bear this label

THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. LTD. AERTEX LONDON

—and utility

but only one AERTEX

STOP THAT COLD WITH VAPEX INHALANT

Breathe the pleasant, fragrant vapour from your handkerchief

Of Chemists 2/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO LTD.

VM

Weather the Winter with

West Indian Warmth

rich, intriguing, original flavour— a good pick-me-up or night-cap

PRUHT *apéritif*

AN RSL PRODUCT
Rawlings and Sons (London) Ltd

Right in the Top Flight!

Pintail SHERRY *Dry*

Supplies of this fine sherry are now available again. Produced and matured in Spain, it will satisfy the most discerning connoisseur and is the perfect aperitif.

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON LTD · PERTH · SCOTLAND · Est. 1800

By appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers
to H.M. the King
Macfarlane, Lang & Co. Ltd.

British Biscuits at their Best

Macfarlane Lang

Established 1817

Driway weathercoats and sportswear are stocked by leading stores and outfitters throughout the country

THE CAVENDISH EASTBOURNE

WELCOMES YOU AGAIN

A de luxe Hotel on the Grand Parade, where you will find comfort, perfect service and an excellent cuisine. Private Bathrooms. Telephones in all rooms. Cocktail Bar and Sun Lounge.

Fimm's Ltd., Proprietors.
P. Churchman, Manager—Tel. Eastbourne 2740.

SALE BARGAINS! SALE

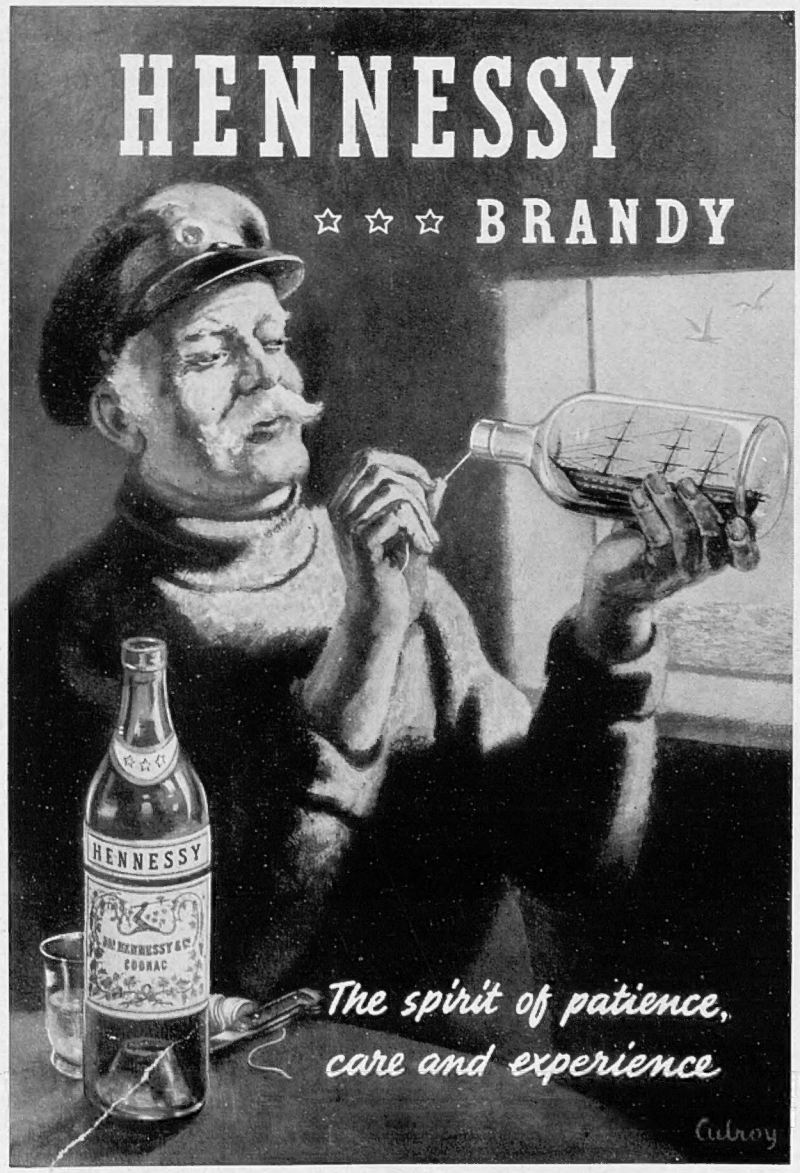
PORTABLE BUILDINGS

SLASHING PRICE REDUCTIONS many job lots

PRICES SLASHED TIMBER METAL ASBESTOS!!

Huts	from	£7.17.6
Garages	from	£35.0.0
Garden Sheds	from	£6.6.0
Garden Frames	from	£1.17.6
Greenhouses	from	£19.10.0
Poultry Houses	from	£5.5.0

Send P.C. for list to:
SILVER MIST BARGAINS,
Reliant Works, Brockham,
Betchworth, Surrey.
Telephone: Betchworth 2391



THE LITTLE THAT MATTERS SO MUCH

The test of aspirin
is its purity.
Just because of its purity
Howards Aspirin costs
a little more.

HOWARDS ASPIRIN

It is not the cheapest—it is the best

Made by
HOWARDS OF ILFORD
Established 1797

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Sturdy Bicycles build **STURDY YOUNGSTERS**

Those lucky children who own a Phillips Junior Bicycle, share in the worth and experience associated with the best things of life because they delight in the possession of a sturdy machine of the highest quality and beautiful finish.

It 's just the machine for your youngster.

PHILLIPS JUNIOR *The Youngsters' Cycle*

J. A. PHILLIPS & CO. LTD., CREDENDA WORKS, SMETHWICK, BIRMINGHAM

colds?

START TAKING SEROCALCIN *now*

Many people, who habitually suffered from colds in winter, have found that a course of Serocalcin enables them to go through the difficult months without catching cold. Serocalcin does not succeed in every case, but its record makes it worthy of a trial by everybody subject to colds.

Prevention of colds

Two Serocalcin tablets are taken daily for 30 days. In many cases this gives 3 to 4 months' immunity from colds.

Treatment of an existing cold

Three tablets are taken three times daily. Commenced in the early stages of a cold, this often clears up the attack in 3 or 4 days.

When a cold is firmly established, quick results cannot be expected but Serocalcin is very effective in shortening the duration of stubborn colds. Serocalcin is suitable for adults and children.

Serocalcin is available in two sizes: The immunising course of 60 tablets costs 7/6 plus 1/9 Purchase Tax. The treatment pack of 20 tablets costs 3/- plus 9d. Purchase Tax.

All who suffer from colds are invited to send to Harwoods Laboratories Ltd., Watford, for descriptive booklet "Immunity from Colds."

SEROCALCIN Regd.

FOR THE PREVENTION & TREATMENT OF COLDS

1863

CAMUS
"LA GRANDE MARQUE"
COGNAC

CARTAUX (LONDON) LTD. 44, CHANCERY LANE W.C.2
Telephone: CHAncery 7234

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

TOLLARD ROYAL HOTEL, WEST CLIFF, BOURNEMOUTH

Facing the sea, the sun, the south. Within—the brightness of fresh flowers, the restfulness of soft furnishings. Suites and single rooms all expressively individual. Lift, Ballroom, Orchestra and Solarium. Residential terms on application. Tel.: 6671.

Facing Full South—Delightful Gardens Terracing to Sea Shore. **FELIX HOTEL, FELIXSTOWE**

200 Bedrooms, Hot and Cold Sea-Water Baths, Ballroom, Squash Rackets Courts with Vita-Glass Sun Lounge, 21 Tennis Courts, Billiards, Croquet, Putting. Reduced Terms during Off-Season. Tariff from Resident Manager. Tel.: Felixstowe 221. Grams: Felix Hotel, Felixstowe.

THE GRAND, FOLKESTONE

More than ever "TRUE TO ITS NAME," now under the management of Albert J. Gilles, late General Manager of Savoy Hotel and Grosvenor House, London.

CHANNEL ISLANDS. Come to Britain's farthest south

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL, JERSEY

the paradise isle where Austerity has not permeated. Be weather wise. Spend your Autumn and Winter facing the South and the Sun and free from restrictions. 1½ hours from London. Write R. H. Colley.

THE HAND HOTEL, LLANGOLLEN

One of the best known and best equipped hotels in North Wales, at entrance to the Welsh Tyrol. Quiet, restful, amidst beautiful scenery. H. and C. running water all bedrooms. Good train service. Close station. Terms from 25s. per day inclusive. Salmon fishing. Tel.: Llangollen 3207.

GOING TO LONDON? For quiet comfort and convenience of location, book your hotel accommodation at ST. ERMIN'S, CAXTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1, a stone's throw from St. James's Park, Underground, and Victoria Street bus stop. Very comfortable apartments and breakfast from 16s. 6d. per night. Tel.: WHItehall 3176.

Book now and forget your worries!

CLEVELANDS HOTEL, NORTHAM, WESTWARD HO! N. DEVON

Beautifully appointed Hotel in lovely position. Glassed-in Verandah Sun-trap. Central Heating, Unusually good food. Own Farm and Garden Produce. Excellent Bus and Train Service. Residential Terms.

THE CORNISH RIVIERA IS NOT A MYTH. Keep warm and well this winter by staying at the

QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE

Facing the sea, the sun and the south. Central heating, private suites. Tel.: Penzance 471. Under the same direction—Ship Hotel, Chichester: Royal Duchy Hotel, Falmouth.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHMOND, SURREY

On the fringe of London overlooking the world-famous view of the Thames Valley. Fully Licensed. Cocktail Bar. Dancing every night. Tennis, Riding, etc. West End service. Excellent cuisine and wines. Brochure from Resident Manager. Tel.: RIChmond 2247.

VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH (FACING THE SEA) Open all the year.

Come and be Spoilt! Food you will enjoy. Breakfast in bed. Telephone and Rediffusion Radio by your bedside. And according to your whims, Resident Orchestra, Dancing, Golf, Bridge, Putting, Cocktail Lounge—or just relaxation in our Sun Lounge. Tel.: Sidmouth 951.

You can Winter well at **TORQUAY'S GRAND HOTEL**

For nowhere abroad will you find that traditional British regard for personal comfort, and a Chef more sympathetic to individual needs. A suite or a sunny bedroom? Whatever your personal requirements, write to O. R. Paul, the General Manager.

the best shops now have limited supplies of

Valstar RAINCOATS

VALSTAR LTD · SALFORD 6 · LANCS
also at 314 Regent Street · London · W.1
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE WEATHERWEAR

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1943. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

Among the good things of life—

The Russian tells you that by far
The finest food is Caviare,

The Marseillais makes out a case
For fishy stuff called Bouillabaisse.

Americans, we understand,
Are keen on Chicken Maryland,

The Tyrolese, whose health is rude,'ll
Sing the praise of Apfel-Strudel.

A Chinaman devours with zest
Not only birdie, but his nest,

While Swedish tissues are restored
By something known as Smörgåsbord,

And in a voce far from sotto
Italians recommend Risotto.

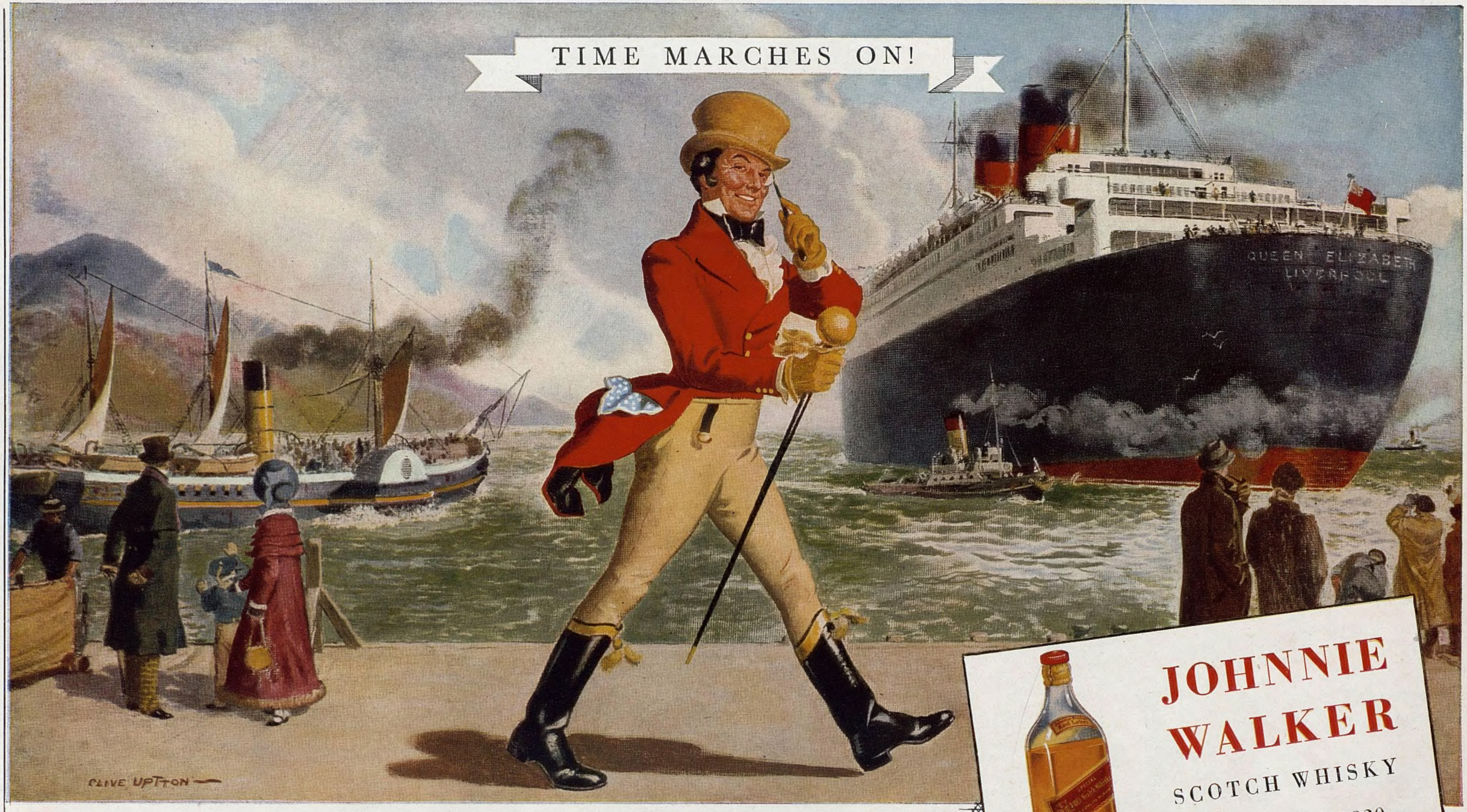
But Britons place a firm belief
In British Bacon, Cheese and Beef,

And know, besides, what each one gains
From British Mustard, which remains
For every Briton (and his wife)
Among the finer things of life.

IT'S NICER WITH

COLMAN'S MUSTARD

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Saturday, October 16, 1948. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.



It makes me proud to think I've seen
The paddle-boat become the "Queen."
Like Clyde-built ships, I've grown in fame-
The skill behind me's still the same.

JOHNNIE WALKER

SCOTCH WHISKY

Born 1820–
still going
strong